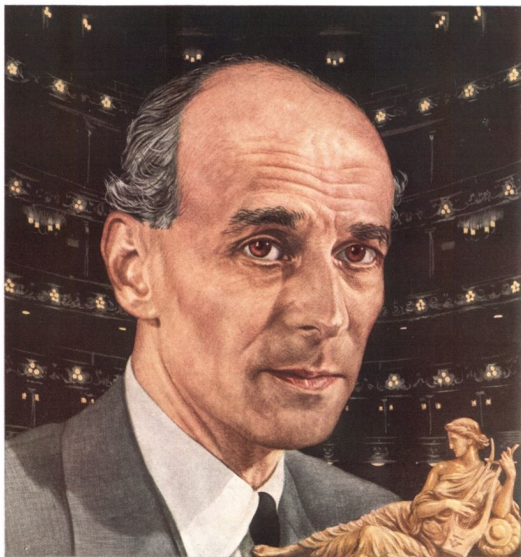


TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 15, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

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VOL. LVII NO. 3



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B.F. Goodrich



Magnetic doors—what will Koroseal do next?

Koroseal is a typical example of B. F. Goodrich development

ENGINEERS of the General Electric Company developed this refrigerator door without a latch. Magnets not only hold it shut but seal it, too. The magnets are inside a soft, flexible gasket. When the door closes, they pull the gasket up tight against the frame.

But the gasket had to have a very thin wall for the greatest possible magnetic attraction. Yet it had to stand repeated door slamming. The engineers asked about Koroseal flexible material. It was tried and worked perfectly. In a slam test it stood so many slams that the laboratory finally gave

up trying to wear it out.

How many other things can Koroseal improve? You businessmen with product problems can probably think of even more ways to use it than we can.

Koroseal flexible material is not rubber. It is made usually from limestone, coke and salt, sometimes from other raw materials. It may be in sheets of various thicknesses, films, coatings on fabric, may be molded or squeezed into tubes or other shapes. (As a garden hose it's better than any material ever used before, is a third to a half lighter than ordinary hose.)

Koroseal flexible material makes long-lasting shower curtains, raincoats that are permanently waterproof, tank lining for handling some kinds of acid that even rubber can't stand. It is used for dozens of other things and can be used for still more. If you have any product Koroseal might improve or any problem you think it might solve, write to The B. F. Goodrich Company, Koroseal Sales Department, Marietta, O.

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Koroseal Flexible Materials

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LETTERS

Face Lifting

Sir:

Strange things have been happening lately to TIME. First, the black lines above the department titles were changed . . . Then the size of the headings was varied alarmingly . . . Now the lower line of all the picture captions has gone into light sans-serif . . .

Surely nothing is gained by . . . these goings-on . . .

London

H. A. FIELDHOUSE

Sir:

. . . The secondary caption [now] looks . . . quite foreign to the general format . . .

I do, however, like the change in the departmental headings . . . The "open air" over the titles seems to add more freedom and strength.

MELVIN T. BISHOP

West Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

I think that your new type used under pictures is easier on the eye . . . It makes the whole printed column more trim . . .

Philadelphia

HARRY COHEN

Sir:

. . . I have been trying to reconcile myself to the radical change . . . in TIME's makeup . . . I thought it looked better the other way . . .

Danville, Ky.

MALIN VAN ANTWERP

Sir:

I have watched with a good deal of interest the face lifting you are giving TIME

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TIME
January 15, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 3

TIME, JANUARY 15, 1951

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YOU'RE IN A DRAFT . . .

The uneven temperature may lower your resistance to germs.

THESE THROAT GERMS INVADE THE TISSUE . . .

They are among the Secondary Invaders that cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue. It's wise to attack them before they attack you.



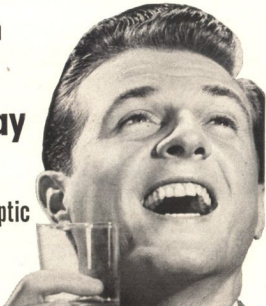
Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Staphylococcus aureus, (2) Friedlander's bacillus, (3) Bacillus influenzae, (4) Pneumococcus Type III, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (7) Pneumococcus Type IV, (8) Streptococcus viridans.



YOU START SNEEZING!

That may be a sign that germs have gone to work—that a cold is starting.

Fight them a
**safe,
direct way**
with
Listerine Antiseptic



WHATEVER ELSE you do make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a "must".

Taken early and often it can help ward off colds and sore throats due to colds, or lessen their severity.

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Kills Threatening Germs

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill germs called Secondary Invaders . . . often keeps

them from getting into the tissue to produce the misery you associate with a cold.

Tests showed the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs as much as 96.7% even fifteen minutes after use—up to 80% even one hour after.

So, at the first sign of a sniffle, use Listerine Antiseptic—Quick! It's safe . . . no drowsiness—none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called miracle drugs.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis

through a gradual change of type faces here & there, dropping top lines for your section heads, etc.

You are doing an excellent job of keeping TIME up to the minute typographically without making any change so violent as to be obtrusive to the oldtime TIMERS. . . .

ROGER BURGESS

Nashville, Tenn.

"We Have Failed"

Sir:

. . . I do not believe the American people should allow our troops to remain in Korea to face a possible and highly probable Bataan. We were fighting in Korea to halt aggression and possibly save the world from an all-out war. We have failed. We have only succeeded in aggravating a greater aggression. . . .

There is no reason for sacrificing any more troops in Korea. If it is being done to save someone's face, we in Korea have news for them: we are interested in saving something, too—and it's not our face. The great showdown is approaching. . . . Are we going to sleep right up to the minute the opening gun is fired?

We must take these steps immediately: 1) remove the troops from Korea and send them to Japan—they are going to be needed for the greater struggle; 2) prevent any landings of Chinese Reds on Formosa; 3) arm Japan; 4) mobilize America now—immediately; 5) prepare with the utmost haste to defend Europe. . . .

CAPTAIN DAVID E. WRIGHT

1st Cavalry Division
Eighth Army
Korea

Man in Doubt

Sir:

Your excellent article [on the decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, affirming the right of Communists to remain silent about their affiliations—TIME, Dec. 25] makes it clear that the line of decision of the court as to Communism strongly resembles the wag's poetic description of a snake trail:

*It wiggled in and wiggled out
Until it left the man in doubt
Whether the snake that crossed the track
Was going north or coming back.*

HOWELL C. FEATHERSTON

Lynchburg, Va.

A Matter of Taste

Sir:

You invited it with your provocative subtitle ["Modern art is a matter of taste"] under that Dec. 25 cover.

Would that I had the ability of our President to describe it in fittingly vitriolic language. . . . It's poorly drawn, depressing, dull and drab. . . . and it is decidedly sacrilegious. . . .

It stinks. . . .

E. D. CHASE

Boston

Sir:

. . . It is one of the ugliest covers it has ever been my displeasure to view. And the Nativity scenes inside were even worse! . . .

KATHLEEN MURPHY

Boston

Sir:

. . . Art may be art, but when it gets that repulsive you might as well go back to the good old traditional pictures.

R. VICTORIA UBIL

San Marino, Calif.

Sir:

. . . Many thanks to TIME for an excellent cover story for a troubled Christmas.

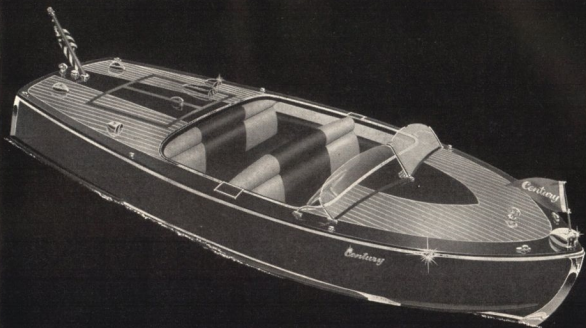
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Hardin & the Hump

Sir:

In your Dec. 18 cover story on Major General Tunner, you say he was sent to India to take charge of the A.T.C. airlift which flew "the Hump," and quote General Wedemeyer: "Tunner created an epic in air operation."

Tunner came over in August 1944... The Hump was almost whipped—but not quite—by June 1944. There still remained those mythical monsters—of whom all the pilots had heard—that rode the winds of the Himalayas and slammed planes into mountains...

There was a man named... Brigadier General Thomas O. Hardin [see cut]... In his leather jacket and beat-up hat, he was zipping back & forth over the Hump at times when any self-respecting general would have been making out his per diem vouchers.

Legend has it that he started over one night shortly after a group of transports took off. Arriving in China, he was something less than delighted to learn that all of the transports had turned back because of thunderstorms. He then issued his famous proclamation: "There will be no more turning back because of weather conditions..."



U.S. Air Force

All through their training, the cadets had been taught that one goes around a thunderstorm, or one turns around—but he never, never attempts to go through it. With a choice of flying through thunderstorms to certain death, or of facing the wrath of the horn-headed, fork-tailed Hardin, most of the pilots chose the certain death as the easier way out.

Surprisingly enough, they found that the general was right... This was in June 1944. Morale rose to the heights in the next two months.

B. F. ROCKECHARLIE

Portsmouth, Va.

Upsy-Daisy

SIR:

GRATEFUL YOUR WASHINGTON POST STORY [TIME, JAN. 1], BUT YOUR FOOTNOTE SLEPPED A BIT. YOU QUOTE POST ADVERTISING LINAGE WITH CUSTOMARY DEDUCTION FOR SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS, BUT ADVERTISING LINAGE YOU QUOTE FOR THE TIMES-HERALD INCLUDED SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS. MEDIA RECORDS FIGURE FOR TIMES-HERALD LESS SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS IS 20,032,736. ON THIS BASIS, POST LEADS (NOT LAGS) THE TIMES-HERALD BY 486,000 LINES ADVERTISING FOR FIRST ELEVEN MONTHS OF 1950, AND ALSO LED TIMES-HERALD FOR PAST FIVE YEARS.

DONALD M. BERNARD
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

THE WASHINGTON POST
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Homework

Sir:

... I have just run across your Dec. 11 story on James McGill and his experiment with high-school homework...

Now that I can look back upon [my own] late homework hours, without prejudice or bias, I realize that too often the cause was a disinclination to tackle a disagreeable task...

I did not realize it at the time, but perhaps I was learning the lesson of tackling and finishing a task, agreeable or not... Life is full of disagreeable tasks that must be done, often on a tight schedule...

C. S. ANDERSON

New York City



When 50 million women want TOAST!

Toast is something to wear as well as eat, this season! Ditto with Coffee, Cocoa, Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Spice... While Beaver, Seal, Mink, and Sable are not furs... Bark and Walnut have nothing to do with wood. And Copper is not to be confused with copper!... Fashionable living rooms, incidentally, are this year furnished with Driftwood, Hot Chocolate, and Pebble!

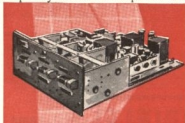
All of which means that this year women want browns... whatever their names.

Matching a fashionable color, making it uniformly available in a variety of materials to a variety of manufacturers, is no longer a matter of good guess or personal judgment... but of physics and mathematics.

The new color may start with a sample shade from the fashion designer's brush. The sample is exposed to the spectrophotometer,

which interprets the light waves reflected from the color in terms of primary values—so much magenta, yellow and cyan.

Then a Tristimulus Integrator, invented by a General Aniline physicist, translates the primary values of the sample color into



three coded numbers... such as (hypothetical) 00287, 00356, 09653. With these numbers, the color can be matched exactly—in Paris, France or Paris, Illinois. And a couturier,

cloth maker or customer who wants Coffee... doesn't get Hot Chocolate!

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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H. E. S. Phillips Jr.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Manfred Gottfried, chief of our foreign correspondents, recently finished another trip around the world. He had



flown to England in October, hopped over to Frankfurt, then on to other European capitals before heading for New Delhi. From India he worked his way along the still free perimeter of Asia (Indonesia, Malaya, Indo-China, Siam, Hong Kong, Japan) and finally to the battlefield in Korea.

With 22 TIME correspondents spotted between London and Tokyo, he talked over conditions in the countries they cover, discussed future events likely to become news stories, and made plans to have a man on the spot when something happens. For his own background—and planning—Gottfried interviewed many military and political leaders, among them the British Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, and General MacArthur.



David Douglas Phillips

GOTTFRIED AT HUNGNAM

Gottfried sees for himself what the world is doing, so that he can assign correspondents to crucial places and so that he can help them with their major job, which is not mere reporting of spot news but telling of the men and forces which make the events significant.

Since the war, when he covered the Japanese surrender and spent several months in Japan and China, Gottfried has gone to Europe each year, made one trip to South America, and two around the world. His recent visit to Asia, his third since the war, took him to two of the most interesting places in the Far East—Hanoi and Hungnam.

In Hanoi, Gottfried teamed up with Eric Gibbs, London Bureau chief then on temporary assignment in Indo-China, to tour the front north of Hanoi in a battered old command car. They wanted to see the thin French defenses that hold back the Reds from all of Indo-China and Siam. Every couple of miles they passed small forts which, except for being brick, looked like something out of American frontier days. Troops had made up for the shortage of

barbed wire by slanting up rows of sharpened bamboo sticks—which are quite effective until someone puts a match to them.

When Gibbs and Gottfried got to Da-Phuc, outermost fort on the road from the north, they found a French captain commanding final construction work of defenses he had designed. Proud of his plan, the captain showed them how he had sunk the fort in the top of a knoll so that the fireports opened only six inches above the ground. Trenches connecting its four buried corner bastions were arched over with brickwork. The lightly armed soldiers figured that if the fort were overrun, they could continue fighting from the tunnels.

(The captain's plan later worked well enough when four Red battalions poured over Da-Phuc at night. At least part of the garrison held out underground until reinforcements arrived next morning.)

Soon after viewing the French fortifications—the only real protection against the Red advance on Southeast Asia—Gottfried arrived at Hungnam, where he saw the orderly evacuation of tanks, supplies, filing cabinets, and 100,000 civilian Koreans.

As he watched Marines and G.I.s stand off the enemy's best efforts to crack the Hungnam perimeter, Gottfried thought of the worried defenders at Hanoi. "They know," he said, "that once Red China commits an army of its own—rather than just guerrillas it has trained and armed—it can crush French resistance. Then Indo-China becomes another Korea. So may Formosa, Hong Kong, Siam, Burma—as the Red Chinese army gets around to them. In fact, there is every sign in Asia that this war will go on until Red China conquers all the Koreans in sight or is itself defeated."



Cordially yours,

James A. Lison



Bull's-eye!... for telephone users

In rapid-fire order, this girl at one of Western Electric's factories attaches wires to Bell telephone equipment she's helping to make. That "gun" in her hand is a wire-wrapping tool newly developed by Western Electric engineers that fastens the wires better, faster, with less cost than ever before.



What's that to you? Well, it shows how Western Electric tries to find new ways to produce telephone equipment

better, faster, cheaper—because good, low-cost equipment helps you get good, low-cost telephone service.

Since Western Electric is a unit of the Bell System, our people who *make* telephone equipment have the same "high quality, low cost" aim as Bell Laboratories people who *design* it and Bell telephone people who *operate* it. Together we're giving this country the most and the best telephone service on earth. Valuable always, such service is priceless in times of national emergency.

Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Answer

The "re-examination," as Robert Taft called it, had begun in earnest. It involved the size of the armed forces, the drafting of young men, the quality of weapons; it encompassed the policies of the nation in the U.N., in Europe, in the Far East.

Even as General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower flew off to Paris to organize the North Atlantic Treaty forces (*see INTERNATIONAL*), the nation echoed with doubts about the whole European enterprise. The idea of U.S. military involvement on the Continent had been attacked by Herbert Hoover. The scope of that involvement was scrutinized even more rigorously last week by Ohio's Taft (*see below*). The debate ranged over questions of effectiveness, practicality and logic.

In one of the areas of debate, events had set up an insistent demand for decision, without delay. The area: Korea. Here, defeat and disaster were not future possibilities but present-day facts. Its cities gutted, its land scorched, its people uprooted, Korea had ceased to exist as a nation, had become a monument to the ravages of war. By the most optimistic speculation, U.N. forces would be able to hold only a corner of the shattered peninsula.

An End to Do-Nothing. What should the U.S. do next? The nation's U.N. allies were taken by the fear that tough counter-moves in Asia might plunge them all into World War III. The Administration itself took no decisive action: its position was that it could not move until U.N. gave the word. So the U.S. stood with one hand behind its back, waging a war that wasn't a war against an enemy who was not quite an enemy, who was inviolate as long as he stood north of the Yalu River.

One answer to the question came when Senator Styles Bridges abruptly demanded an end to the Administration's do-nothing stand. Bridges demanded that the U.S. use its fleet to support the Nationalist Chinese in an invasion of the China mainland, that it blockade Red China and bomb Red China's bases. Its allies, he added, must be summoned to supply more troops in the Far East and take the step of unequivocally declaring Red China an aggressor. Said Bridges: "Our men . . . should not be expected to battle any longer against the diplomatic odds which cripple their magnificent efforts."



EISENHOWER
Doubts—and facts.

A Final Summing-Up. Harry Truman answered Bridges. At his press conference the President did not argue the point; he merely affirmed that the U.S. could not bomb China without permission from the U.N. The U.S., he said, was not even considering making any such request. He still clung to the hope, he added, that the whole situation could be resolved by negotiation with the Red Chinese. Was this the Administration's only answer? Last week, after five weeks of vain waiting for

the Chinese to agree to a cease-fire in Korea, the U.S. made a behind-the-scenes appeal to the U.N. General Assembly: declare China an aggressor. More tentatively, it suggested that the U.N. should consider imposing economic and political sanctions against the Chinese Reds. There was little disposition among the European and Asiatic nations to go along with either proposition. But that was the only answer the Administration seemed to have.

"Our First Consideration"

In 2½ hours one afternoon last week, Robert A. Taft, cool, confident and precise as a mathematics teacher, laid before Congress the cause of those who want to systematize and retrench the U.S.'s vacillating world policy. He came before the Senate as a man who had long spoken as "Mr. Republican" on domestic policy, but it was not in that role that he spoke on foreign policy. In foreign affairs no one could speak for more than a segment of either sorely divided party.

Taft began with a ringing denunciation of the Administration's whole conduct of world affairs since Teheran and Yalta. The U.S., said he, has embarked on a fatal path—"policies which may lead to unnecessary war, policies which may wreck the internal economy . . . and vastly weaken our economic abilities . . . policies which may commit us to obligations we are utterly unable to perform . . ."

What to Argue About. Taft took his stand between two pillars of conviction. One was that war between Russia and the U.S. is not inevitable. He saw no "conclusive evidence" that the Russians contemplated starting a war with the U.S.; he did not even believe the Russians were going to attempt a military conquest of Western Europe. The other was that in the event of war, the U.S. could never hope to defeat Russia in a great clash of land armies. On these premises, Senator Taft built his case.

Basically, Taft's case was this: The U.S. must stake its future on sea and air power, not land power, which could be sucked into Europe and Asia and be destroyed. U.S. sea and air power should be made strong and flexible enough to balance all the military might Russia can assemble, flexible enough to exert great control over "the rest of the world and over the enemy country." Said Taft: "If the Russians realize that that power cannot be challenged and can do real damage to their own nation with the atomic bomb

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 1,851 more casualties in Korea, including 329 dead and 563 missing in action. The new report, dated Jan. 5, brings total U.S. casualties since June 25 to 40,176 men—an average of one man killed, wounded, or missing every six minutes since the war began. The breakdown:

DEAD	6,761
WOUNDED	27,281
MISSING	6,134

Total casualties by services: Army, 33,184; Marine Corps, 6,212; Navy, 458; Air Force, 322.

and otherwise, their purpose of military aggression may well wither and peaceful relations in Europe may grow again."

Taft agreed that a U.S. land army of "reasonable size" (about 1,500,000 men) would be necessary—to repel any invasion of the American continent, to defend a global string of U.S. and allied sea and air bases, and perhaps to fight occasional minor actions in selected areas where there was a clear opportunity for victory. At some later date, if Europe's defense appeared to have "a reasonable chance of success," he would be willing to send "some limited number of American divisions" to help. Until then, and as a basic principle, the nation's allies must provide their own land defenses.

How to Prepare for War. This was not isolationism, Taft said, nor was that the label for Hoover's doctrine of Gibraltarism (TIME, Jan. 1). "It seems to me that our battle against Communism is in fact a worldwide battle and must be fought on the world stage . . . [but] our first consideration must be defense of America." Here is how he would wage the battle:

❑ Accept the U.N.'s value as a world forum, but realize that in meeting aggression the U.N. is "an utterly ineffective weapon."

❑ Assist with air and sea forces any island nations which desire help—Formosa, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, the British Isles.

❑ Protect Japan ("a special case") by making a quick peace with her and providing air and sea forces and "perhaps a few divisions" until the Japanese have built their own defense forces.

❑ Recognize that the U.S. is already at war with Communist China, but avoid open conflict with China. Give Chiang Kai-shek the arms and other help he needs to carry the fight to the Chinese Reds on the mainland.

❑ Give economic assistance to nations which "really want assistance," including arms for the North Atlantic pact partners, Indo-China, Greece and Turkey.

❑ Consider giving aid to Franco Spain and perhaps provide some land troops, sea and air forces to defend the Malay Peninsula, the Suez Canal and North Africa.

In Western Europe, Taft recognized, lies the "greatest question of policy before the country." As a guiding principle in determining U.S. policy in Europe, he reiterated: "Commit no American troops to the European continent at this time."

Taft, one of the 13 Senators who voted against the North Atlantic Treaty, still thought it "a tremendous mistake," and one compounded by the appointment of General Eisenhower to lead a European army. "[The treaty] will make war more likely," Taft argued. "If they have any intention to attack, they obviously will attack before the Atlantic pact forces are built up, and it will take at least three years to build them up. Why should they wait?" He conceded that the U.S. could not waver on its treaty pledge to come to the aid of any attacked North Atlantic partner. But he insisted that this implied



TAFT
Between pillars, soft spots.

no obligation to contribute U.S. divisions to the North Atlantic army.

In fact, said Taft, the President had already "usurped authority" by sending U.S. troops into Korea. Said Taft: "The President has no power to agree to send American troops to fight in Europe. Congress by resolution . . . or by restriction in the appropriation bill providing the divisions required may finally determine the policy to be pursued."

How Much to Spend. One of the most persuasive attributes of his policy, as Robert Taft saw it, was its relative economy. An Air Force and a Navy of 700,000 men each and a 1,500,000-man Army (compared with 3,500,000 currently contem-



BRIDGES
In premises, danger.

plated by the Administration) would, he calculated, cost \$40 billion a year. The bill could be paid by taxes. The Administration's military program would cost \$20 or \$30 billion more a year, turn the U.S. into a garrison state, probably destroy the national economy and thereby give Russia the capitalist collapse she has always hoped for. "The key to all the problems before this Congress," said Taft, "lies in the size of our military budget."

How to Strike Back. Illinois' Paul Douglas jumped to his feet. Was the Senator from Ohio saying that, in the event of war with Russia, the U.S. would fight back only with retaliatory bombing?

"So far as our part in a war with Russia is concerned," Taft replied, "it would be largely conducted by sea and air."

Douglas: Is it not true that Korea has pretty well demonstrated that you cannot turn back an aggressive land force by air power alone . . . and will not Communist armies sweep therefore through completely to the English Channel?

Taft: Does the Senator think there would be any difference if we have ten American divisions there?

Oregon's Republican Wayne Morse joined the debate. Was the Senator assuming that Russia contemplated a military sweep across Europe?

Said Taft: "I share the point of view that they intend to take it over by Communist infiltration and persuasion . . . I suggest that Russia will stop, that in all probability they would rely on France turning Communist by itself and that they would probably rely on making some sort of trade arrangements with British Socialism, to which Soviet Russia may not object."

"A Very Shocking Thing." Whether Britain and France fell by force of arms or by force of political extortion, Douglas pointed out, their fall would leave the great industrial potential of Western Europe and the raw materials of Asia open to Russia without a struggle. Taft's reply: If the Russians swept over Western Europe, the U.S. would have to destroy Western Europe's industrial facilities with bombs.

Arkansas' William Fulbright broke in: "It is a very shocking thing for Europeans to realize that we are willing to contemplate their destruction."

There were other soft spots in Taft's case. A Russia now deterred by the threat of U.S. atomic bombs might feel less awed as its own stockpile grew. And there was not much in law to support the argument that the President had "usurped authority" to send troops to Korea and to commit them to Europe. History books listed more than 150 cases where U.S. Presidents sent U.S. troops into armed action to defend the national interest.*

But the most obvious flaw in the whole

* Some of them: In 1802 President Jefferson sent a naval expedition to war with the Barbary pirates; in 1900 President McKinley sent U.S. sailors, soldiers and marines into China to help quell the Boxer Rebellion; in 1912 President Taft established an American "protectorate" over Nicaragua with the marines in charge.

Taft position was his hopeful prophecy that Russia would not attack the U.S. It justified a look at his record as a military prophet. In February 1941 Taft predicted with equal certainty: "It is simply fantastic to suppose there is danger of an attack on the U.S. by Japan."

Only the Beginning. The debate was not going to be settled by quotations from the past or generalities of the moment. The Great Debate was only beginning. At its outset, however, Robert Taft had laid down a major alternative to the present wavering course of U.S. policy, and he had done it with a firmness and a clarity not yet achieved by the Truman Administration.

This week, the men who saw only danger and disgrace in retrenchment—among them Democrat Douglas of Illinois and Republican Styles Bridges of New Hampshire—got ready to answer. If they could state their case as clearly and as well, even those who opposed Taft could thank him for striking the issue.

"If Fight We Must"

Brisk and smiling, President Truman strode into the House of Representatives this week to face a joint meeting of the Congress and read his annual message on the State of the Union. He was speaking to the critics of his foreign policy—though not always too clearly—and over their heads, more clearly, to the "Soviet imperialists" who were trying to subvert the world with their "destructive works."

Speaking with a resoluteness and a crisp delivery he had seldom shown before, Harry Truman laid down the course for meeting the Soviet peril "wisely . . . bravely . . . honorably," as he saw it: economic assistance "where it can be effective," military assistance "to countries which want to defend themselves," full support of U.S. obligations under the Atlantic Treaty. Said the President: "Strategically, economically and morally, the defense of Europe is part of our own defense."

No Appeasement. The need for help was mutual. "If Western Europe were to fall to Soviet Russia it would double the Soviet supply of coal and triple the Soviet supply of steel." The loss of Asia and Africa to Russia would mean the loss of many raw materials, "including uranium."

Once in command of Europe and Asia, "the Soviet Union could impose its demands on the world . . . The Soviet Union does not have to attack the United States to secure domination of the world. It can achieve its ends by isolating us and swallowing up our allies. Therefore, even if we were craven enough to abandon our ideals, it would be disastrous for us to withdraw from the community of free nations . . . No one nation can find protection in a selfish search for a safe haven from the storm."

This did not mean that he had abandoned all hope of peace. "We will support the United Nations . . . We are willing, as we have always been, to negotiate honorable settlements with the Soviet Union."

But we will not engage in appeasement." Korea was an example of that. The U.S. was fighting to keep it from becoming "a slave state." Korea, he said, "is a symbol."

The Long Pull. Then he launched into a description of just how the U.S. was preparing to meet its responsibilities.

His State of the Union speech in 1950 had been a vision of a rosy future—the year 2000 when the national output would be a trillion dollars and the average family income would be \$12,450. He expressed the conviction then that peace would be achieved not by arms but by an appeal to reason. Now, the future which he laid out was decidedly grey—a future of "the long pull." Said the President: "We do not know how long Communist aggression will threaten the world."

The U.S. was building its Army, Navy and Air Force to an active strength of 3,500,000 men—still a far cry from total

number of doctors and nurses; new executive authority to expand production and to stabilize prices, wages and rents.

Even Harry Truman realized that the Fair Deal was no more than a fading echo from the past. He paid his respects to it only in a few short paragraphs calling for "rounding out our system of social insurance," improved protection "against unemployment and old age," insurance against sickness and "the high cost of medical care," educational aid to the states.

To the Congressmen who listened and who had already sharply criticized his policies, he said: "I ask the Congress for unity in these crucial days . . . I do not ask or expect unanimity . . . Let us debate these issues, but let every man among us weigh his words and deeds . . . Let us all stand together as Americans." For the world he had a final promise: "We will fight, if fight we must."



MAJORITY LEADER MCFARLAND & WHIP JOHNSON
Some dreamboats would not be launched.

THE CONGRESS Men of Destiny

With the world watching them, half a thousand U.S. citizens took their seats last week on Capitol Hill. They were the puzzled, troubled and individualistic members of the 82nd Congress. In a hushed Senate chamber, Chaplain Frederick Brown Harris concluded: "May there ascend from every member . . . the solemn prayer: 'So help me, God!'"

The hush did not last long. The 82nd had come in on the heels of the turbulent 81st, which had quit only the day before. In a final burst of legislative speed, the 81st had passed the \$20 billion supplementary military appropriation, the \$3.1 billion civilian-defense bill, and the excess-profits tax designed to add \$3.3 billion to the Government's revenue. In spending for defense, the 82nd would no doubt continue to follow in the 81st's large footsteps.

But after that, quiet cooperation would

mobilization. The U.S. must build a great arsenal. "Our stocks of weapons are low. In many cases those on hand are not the most modern." What he recommended was no explosive outpouring of the nation's tremendous industrial power but a steady widening of capacity. In 1940, Franklin Roosevelt demanded—and got in 32 months—the miracle of 50,000 planes a year. Harry Truman's program called for a U.S. "capacity to produce" 50,000 military planes a year (present production: around 3,000), 35,000 tanks a year (present production: a few hundred). "We are not ordering that many planes or tanks," he said, "and we hope we may never have to but we mean to be able to turn them out if we need them."

Unanimity Not Expected. He put the needs for the long pull into a ten-point legislative program: new military appropriations; extension and revision of the Selective Service Act; more foreign military and economic aid; "a major increase in taxes"; the means for increasing the

stop abruptly. The Republican minority was stronger than ever, and flushed with election victory. One of the results of victory was that Senator Joe McCarthy, whose Red charges had helped to knock off a number of Democratic candidates in November, was likely to have more influence in the 82nd Congress than he had in the 81st. On domestic matters, a conservative coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans would dominate the show. Such Truman dreamboats as the Brannan Plan, the Ewing Plan, the civil rights bill, would not be launched. On foreign policy, the 82nd would be filled with shifting, unpredictable coalitions.

Attack in the Senate. Even before the Senate met, Southern Democrats showed their muscle. In the caucus to elect a new majority leader, they rejected Wyoming's Joseph O'Mahoney, who was backed by outnumbered and plaintive Fair Dealers; the caucus elected Arizona's Ernest McFarland, an amiable, inconspicuous second-term who consistently breaks with the Fair Deal on civil rights. For the job of whip the caucus picked Texas' Lyndon Johnson, chairman of the Armed Services Preparedness subcommittee, who defies the Administration just as regularly on civil rights, labor, tidelands oil.

Minutes after the 82nd convened, Ohio's Taft was on his feet attacking the Administration, flourishing the Republicans' notice of impending battle. Dressed in the morning coat and striped trousers which he customarily dons for the swearing-in ceremony, he rose to ask peremptorily why the President wasn't ready with his State of the Union message; two days later, he rose again, flipping the pages of his text, to deliver his foreign-policy speech (see The Nation).

Rebellion in the House. In the House, the Administration fared even worse. Texas' solid, bald-domed Sam Rayburn, starting his 20th term in Congress, was re-elected Speaker of the House.* A respected and fair-minded presiding officer, he took the chair amidst sounds of good will and harmony. But almost immediately, rebellion broke out.

A coalition of Southerners and Republicans attacked the 21-day rule passed by the 81st Congress and designed to pry bills out of the autocratic Rules Committee. Under the rule, the chairman of a legislative committee could call up a bill 21 days after it had been reported. Eight times during the 81st, bills were thus wrenched from the Rules Committee and passed by the House.†

But many Congressmen preferred the system of killing bills by smothering them in the Rules Committee rather than having to vote on them. Said Republican Charles Halleck solemnly: the Rules

Committee should be "a roadblock to unwise, ill-timed, spendthrift, socialist measures." In the vote, 152 Republicans, 92 Democrats restored the Rules Committee to its old authority; 44 of the Republicans were freshmen—a fair indication of the freshening winds of conservatism.

Everybody for the U.S. Before this noisy, argumentative, but earnest body, Harry Truman appeared this week. Two days before he faced them, he cautiously met with a delegation of leaders to brief them on his State of the Union speech. Despite the heavy weather rolling plainly over the horizon, Leader McFarland came away from the conference with a hopeful statement: "On both sides of the aisle, members of Congress are working for the nation as a whole."



VITO MARCANTONIO
He caught on.

To Water

The first two lame ducks from the old 81st Congress limped down off Capitol Hill last week and slid into jobs that fitted them as neatly as their pinfeathers.

Elbert D. Thomas, 67, Utah's kindly, scholarly Democratic Senator for the past 18 years, took a \$17,500-a-year job as the first civilian High Commissioner of the Pacific Islands taken from Japan in World War II (and since governed by the Navy). A lifetime student of the Pacific area and onetime Mormon missionary in Japan (1907-12), Thomas helped lay out the U.N. formula for postwar trusteeships at Montreal in 1946.

Vito Marcantonio, Manhattan's shrill-tongued voice of Communism in the House, stayed on in politics. Marc caught on as a lawyer for the Communist Party to fight the McCarran alien registration act through the federal courts. He had taken the job, said Marcantonio blandly, as a "public service."

THE STATES

Auguries

In the folklore and custom of politics, Inauguration Day is open season for hearty handshakes, clinking glasses, the rustle of silks, and self-conscious twisting in rented tuxedos. But for the crop of newly elected governors who raised their hands in solemn oath across the nation last week, inauguration seemed more like an augury of trouble and crisis.

¶ Connecticut's movie-profiled Republican John Davis Lodge paraded to the State House in mid-afternoon, found that the Democrat-controlled Senate had refused to show up for the swearing-in as prescribed by law and custom. After a corps of lawyers had scoured the Constitution and legal precedent, Lodge decided he could do without the rebellious Democrats, was sworn in before only the Republican House just nine minutes before midnight.

¶ New Mexico's 38-year-old Edwin L. Mechem, the 105th governor in New Mexican history* and the first Republican to crack the state's Democratic machine in 20 years, got wind of an alarming rumor. His Democratic lieutenant governor, scheduled to be sworn in an hour and a half ahead of the governor's inaugural, was planning (so the story went) to rush through a swatch of political appointments before Mechem could act officially. Hurriedly, Mechem took his oath in his apartment before a notary public 15 minutes after midnight, took it again twelve hours later before the chief justice of the state supreme court.

¶ New Hampshire's Republican Sherman Adams suggested a canny Yankee solution to the problem of the inflated dollar. Said he in his inaugural speech: "I believe if we all would decide to give half a dollar more work for the dollar we receive, we would all come pretty near getting back the half dollar we are losing because our dollars are only worth half as much."

While most of the nation's governors settled down to ponder and parley after their exertions, New York's Tom Dewey wound up and tossed a bomb shell. He hardly had time to draw a deep breath after his third inaugural before he gave the state a breath-taking demand for emergency powers in case of atomic attack or invasion. Dewey wanted stand-by authority to: make law by proclamation, seize private homes and property, conscript manpower, ration raw materials and finished goods, set up constructions priorities, fire any public officer who refused to obey his order (including mayors and police chiefs). This was not exactly martial law, an aide explained, because the Army would not be in charge, and injured citizens would still have recourse to the courts. Most of the citizenry read it more as the headline in Manhattan's *Sunday News* set it down: DICTATOR POWER ASKED BY DEWEY.

* For his tenth year. On Jan. 30 he will pass the record for service as Speaker held since 1823 by Henry Clay.

† Major ones: Alaska and Hawaii statehood, anti-poll tax, FEPC—all later beaten in the Senate.

* Predecessors: 33 Spanish, 11 Mexican, 2 U.S. military, 4 U.S. civil, 18 territorial, 14 elected.

MOBILIZATION

New Machine

After a fortnight of gauging the economic wind and diagramming its forces, Charlie Wilson was ready for action. He took his calculations to the White House, told the President what he wanted, and got him to issue a new executive order. The order gave Mobilizer Wilson the machine he thought he needed to put power into U.S. rearmament.

Half an hour after the order was issued, Mobilizer Wilson assembled 70 reporters at a press conference, handed each of them a big chart and explained how the new setup was supposed to work. Before taking his place in the driver's seat, Wilson had revamped the baling-wire contraption that the Administration hastily patched together after Korea, and made it into a trimmer, more powerful two-engine mechanism (see chart).

The Engines. One engine, to drive the machinery for keeping the U.S. economy healthy, was already assembled in the Economic Stabilization Agency, under Alan Valentine, ex-president of the University of Rochester. Valentine, through Price Administrator Mike DiSalle and Wage Stabilizer Cyrus Ching, will control prices and wages and—if it becomes necessary—will ration food. The only major change in that engine was to give Administrator DiSalle some authority to issue orders on his own—a shift which was not accomplished without a few loud pings (see BUSINESS).

The other engine, the machinery for setting production goals and figuring out how to attain them, was built around a new agency—the Defense Production Administration. For DPA's boss, Charlie Wilson had only to look about him. He

plucked William Henry Harrison, former president of I.T. & T., out of the Commerce Department's National Production Authority, transferred him—together with NPA's top functions—into the new and more powerful job.

The assignment gave Harrison sweeping authority to regulate the nation's industrial output. But, for the moment at least, he would be only a policymaker. The operating agencies which would carry out his orders were still tucked away under their assorted cabinet officers.

The Board. Charlie Wilson knew that his two-engined contrivance would feed policy problems up to him faster than he could feed down answers. For help in solving the problems, he asked the President to set up a top-level Defense Mobilization Board, a kind of board of directors. Its membership: the chairmen of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Federal Reserve Board, the President's original mobilizer, Chairman Stuart Symington of the National Security Resources Board, and six Cabinet members—Defense, Agriculture, Interior, Commerce, Labor, Treasury.

Most of Stu Symington's other mobilization functions had been swallowed up, quite properly, in the Wilson mechanism. Symington was left free to be the President's side-door adviser on the broad picture—and, perhaps, to be Harry Truman's Harry Hopkins in mobilization matters.

Squeaks & Rattles. Charlie Wilson's new machinery was not yet as big or as high-powered as the total-war mobilization machine of World War II, nor was it guaranteeing to run with fewer squeaks and rattles. Still unanswered, for example, was the vital question of how much power Wilson & Co. would have over military procurement. Another major trouble was

that agriculture was still (with the exception of products needed by industry) beyond the reach of the kind of central control imposed on industry.

Wilson was the last man to claim the thing was perfect. Asked if the setup was permanent, he shrugged his shoulders, replied: "It's the one we are operating with today. It's the base." Next likely shake-up: bringing control of operations as well as policy into Harrison's DPA.

Graduation Date

The Pentagon saw its duty—and backed into it. Ever since Korea, the military planners had known that some type of universal military service was the only fair answer to a long-term U.S. armed force of 3,500,000 men. Last week, while it talked cautiously about amendments to the present leaky draft law, the Department of Defense gingerly proposed what amounted to the nation's first U.M.S.

It was something of a makeshift, but the effect was the same for U.S. youth. The generals wanted permission to draft all able-bodied young men right after high-school graduation, or at 18, on a "substantially universal basis." (The law now requires registration at 18, forbids induction until 19, and provides a school year's deferment for those already enrolled in college.) Those who graduate from high school at 17 would be allowed to volunteer, with their parents' consent, so they could serve their hitch before starting college; in no case would they be allowed to linger in high school beyond 19.

Though the new proposal would still not touch the estimated 20% of the 18-year-olds who are physically unfit for service, it followed closely along the line laid down by Harvard's President James B. Conant, who wanted to draft all teen-

Blueprint for Mobilization

THE PRESIDENT

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
NSRB (Chairman Symington), Bureau of the Budget, NSC and CEA

OFFICE OF DEFENSE MOBILIZATION
Director: Wilson

DEFENSE MOBILIZATION BOARD
Chairman: Wilson
Six Cabinet members, FRB, RFC and NSRB chairmen

DEFENSE PRODUCTION ADMINISTRATION
Administrator: Harrison
(Establishes production goals and supervises operations)

ECONOMIC STABILIZATION AGENCY
Administrator: Valentine
Prices: Director DiSalle
Wages: Chairman Ching

MILITARY PROCUREMENT
Dept. of Defense

PRIORITIES, ALLOCATIONS, REQUISITIONS

Dept. of Commerce Transportation, National Production Authority	Dept. of Interior Fuels, power, minerals, metals	Dept. of Agriculture Farm products
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CREDIT
FRB, Housing & Home Finance Agency

CIVILIAN MANPOWER
Dept. of Labor

Times Chart by R. M. Chapin Jr.



Mark Koffman—Life

PEACE PIPE

This elongated stovepipe on wheels is the Army's newest and one of its mightiest tank-busters, a jeep-mounted, 105-mm. recoilless rifle. It is capable of punching holes through any known tank, including Russia's famed 57-ton Joseph Stalin III with its thick girdle of armor plate. Designed to apply the lessons of the Korean war, the new rifle can fire a heavier shell farther than its smaller 75-mm. cousin, which blasted counterattacking Communist tanks last September.

agers without exception (TIME, Dec. 18). In addition, the Defense Department hoped to raise the term of service from 21 months to somewhere between 27 and 30 months, and to plug some of the deferment loopholes which had all but depleted the 19- to 26-year-old group of potential draftees.

On Capitol Hill, hard-bitten old Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, tapped his foot impatiently, waiting for the Pentagon to stop talking and get its bill up to Congress so he could begin his hearings. If the U.S. was finally to get a draft law with teeth in it, he was anxious to get started.

ARMED FORCES

Private Eye

In Washington, "inside sources" frequently whisper that Harry Truman knows no more about the Korean war than General MacArthur chooses to tell him. Closer to the truth is the fact that the "sources" know no more about a peripatetic, crusty major general named Frank E. Lowe than the President chooses to tell them. Since last August, 65-year-old General Lowe, with Douglas MacArthur's cooperation, has been serving as Harry Truman's "private eye" in Japan and Korea.

Last week, in an office down the hall from MacArthur's own in Tokyo's Dai Ichi building, pince-nez'd Frank Lowe squiggled the last line of another long, hand-written report to the White House, locked up a couple of presidential letters, and flew off to visit the 1st Marine Division in southern Korea. Nobody questioned his comings & goings: the two-star

general was armed with a presidential letter that authorized him to go where he chose, read what he wanted, and report what he pleased (although he had no command authority).

"Here I Am." "I am not an aide, understand," he explained. "There is some question whether I am an aide to anybody. I am serving the President in an executive capacity. The reason I am wearing a uniform is because the old man asked me to. I am not a spy out here. He asked me to help out and I love him, so here I am."

The President got to like and trust Frank Lowe during World War II, when Lowe was the Army's liaison officer with Senator Truman's investigating committee. Both of them had been World War I artillery captains in France. In peacetime, Lowe was a prospering businessman, and president of the powerful Reserve Officers' Association. He was also an old buddy of the President's ham-handed military aide, Harry Vaughan—who drew the job of deciphering his all but illegible reports from Korea.

Red Icicles. General Lowe's reports were likely to be written any place from a billet in Pusan to a B-29 over the Yalu River. And they were likely to cover anything from the use of tactical aircraft to the problems of the individual footslogger. In the evacuation of Hungnam, Lowe came out in the last wave. There he saw a soldier accidentally shot in the foot by a careless machine gunner. Aware that the G.I. might be accused of shooting himself in the classic method of avoiding combat, General Lowe bustled up. "My name is Frank Lowe," said he. "If anybody ever questions your story of how you got shot,

tell him General Lowe saw it and go ask him what happened."

But mostly he was the man who saw a lot and said very little—except to the White House. "I am willing to stay here until they have red icicles in hell," said he, "if it will help win this battle with the Communists, so we don't have that hundred years' war."

Love That Bounce

"Our light tanks," said Under Secretary of the Army Archibald Alexander, "are designed to kill a potential enemy's medium tanks; our medium tanks are designed to kill his heavies; and what may be called our heavies go on from there." To build a tank able to fight above its class, U.S. engineers have relied on speed and firepower, have cut non-essential weight by installing air-cooled engines. Last week the Pentagon announced the latest results from its engineers' drawing boards.

By next spring the first of the new post-war T-41 light tanks will begin coming off the assembly lines. T-41 will be armed with a 76-mm. gun, will have a top speed of 35 m.p.h., will be every bit as good in performance as World War II's medium Sherman—and seven tons lighter. The T-42, a medium, will be about six months behind T-41 on the assembly lines. And on the blueprint horizon—but within sight—is the U.S.'s first medium heavy: T-43, a dreadnaught whose details are top secret.

The tankmen, who had hemmed & hawed awkwardly while the Russian T-34s made trouble for the lightweight U.S. Chaffees in the first days of Korea, had other reasons to speak up in a clear voice. Their medium Pattons had proved an easy



Hank Walker—Life

MAJOR GENERAL FRANK LOWE
Aid, not aide.

winner over the Russian T-34 in Korea (although they had yet to meet Russia's newest and most formidable). In one classic encounter, 16 Pattons had knocked out 16 T-34s with only minor damage to four Pattons. In another, one Patton had destroyed a T-34 in a gun duel at a mile's range.

The Pattons were sounding just as good on the defensive. The Pentagon's favorite tank hero was the sergeant who commanded a Patton which withstood 17 hits by enemy shells. Said he: "I like to hear them bounce off." That was a little tall, even for a tank sergeant, but the tankers were obviously feeling better about their new weapons.

MANNERS & MORALS

To Save Gas

Joseph E. (*Mission to Moscow*) Davies, one-time Ambassador to Belgium and Russia, and a wealthy lawyer before he married into the Post Toasties millions in 1935, dealt with a rumor that had Washington buzzing. The rumor: Davies had just bought a fleet of seven new Cadillacs. Reached by newsmen at Tregaron, his baronial estate in Washington, Davies set the whole thing straight. Said he: "I bought four small cars to conserve gasoline. Mine is a Chrysler or Cadillac, I'm not sure which. I dressey there were several Cadillacs bought—new cars conserve gas, actually. We purchased four or five small cars, I'm not sure which, but not just for ourselves. We have a large staff." Just how many cars did he own altogether? Joe Davies replied impatiently that he didn't know, would have to ask his bookkeeper.

NEW YORK

Postscript

When the sensational "Hanley Letter" burst in the midst of New York's gubernatorial campaign last fall (*TIME*, Oct. 23), Republicans immediately offered the public a soothing interpretation. It was true that ailing, 74-year-old Lieut. Governor Joe Hanley had been promised the G.O.P. nomination for governor, and that he had been asked to step aside at the last minute to let Tom Dewey have it again. But the fact that old Joe had simultaneously been guaranteed a well-paying state job only proved how honest he was.

Old Joe, cried the Republicans—including Tom Dewey—was so honest that he had contracted a vast debt of honor and had kept himself poverty-stricken for years paying it off. The intimation was plain: Dewey had not offered Hanley a political bribe to surrender the nomination; he had simply been rewarding an upstanding public servant for good works. Nevertheless, Senate investigators called on Old Joe just before the election to quiz him about the whole affair.

Paid in Full. Hanley, who was lying in a hospital bed recovering from combat fatigue, talked with impressive sincerity. His debt, according to the investigators'

subsequent report, dated back to the death of his father in 1933: the elder Hanley had died the owner of \$75,000 worth of stock in a bank which had failed in Muscatine, Iowa. Joe was not legally responsible, but he had shouldered his father's \$150,000 double-liability obligation, and he had spent years of scraping and pinching in an attempt to make it good.

In August 1949, the report continued, Publisher Frank Gannett and the Bank of Manhattan had kindly lent Hanley the \$28,500 which he needed to pay up the debt in full. But when he knuckled down to Dewey, his patron and another anti-Dewey Republican, Congressman W. Kingsland Macy, were not pleased. It was then that Hanley wrote Macy *The Letter*, a lugubrious note of apology and explanation.

Joe's lawyer showed the investigators a promissory note for \$150,000 made out to



JOE HANLEY
The intimation was plain.

one C. C. Hagerman of Muscatine, Iowa. It bore notations of payments on its back; the last, for \$28,000, was entered on Sept. 12, 1949. The note was marked "Paid" and bore the initials "C.T.C." The sleuths obtained a photostatic copy and departed.

Who was C.T.C.? But last week Senator Guy M. Gillette, chairman of the Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, announced in rather baffled terms that Old Joe's story just didn't seem to add up. The investigators had gone to Muscatine too, and had discovered that Old Joe's father had never owned any bank stock; instead of debts, in fact, he had left an estate of \$20,570.32. There was a C. C. Hagerman living in the town, and he had known Hanley since boyhood. But he told the investigators that he knew nothing about the note or the bank stock, swore that Hanley had never paid him a nickel, and declared himself completely mystified by the initials "C.T.C."

Had Old Joe simply invented the debt and written the promissory note himself? If so, why? What had happened to the \$28,500? At week's end nobody seemed to have the least glimmer of an answer. Joe Hanley, just appointed by Governor Dewey to a \$16,000 job as special counsel to the state Division of Veterans' Affairs, had dropped out of sight—his daughter said he was on a "vacation." Tom Dewey retired behind a cloud of no comments and declared that he knew nothing of Hanley's "private affairs." Macy (who was defeated for Congress after the letter was made public) howled for an "investigation" of the whole affair. Said Senator Gillette: "It's the strangest case I've ever come across. I just can't make it out."

IMMIGRATION

No Return

Around Chicago's St. Bernard's Hospital, Dr. Joseph Kamaraskus was a man of mystery. He was painfully conscientious, unfailingly polite, but always a little moody and distant with his colleagues. He never talked much about the past, except to say that he and his wife had come to the U.S. from Lithuania two years ago as displaced persons.

Eventually a few more details seeped out. Joseph Kamaraskus had been a successful radiologist in his homeland, had been captured and forced to work for the Germans during the war. When the Russians swarmed back, he feared that he would be shot, fled with his wife a few minutes ahead of the Red army. The fugitives eventually made their way to Western Germany and found shelter in a U.S. camp for D.P.s.

In the U.S., Kamaraskus interned at two Chicago hospitals before going to St. Bernard's, and each time earned the respect and liking of the staff. At night, he drove himself hollow-eyed polishing up for the state medical examinations in radiology. In his few relaxed moments, he would tell in halting English of his ambition to become a U.S. citizen, to build a new career and fit happily into his new world.

A few months ago, Dr. Kamaraskus took his radiology exam and failed. Even though he knew he could take it over again in January, he became nervous and depressed. He developed acute tonsillitis, his kidneys became infected. Friends at St. Bernard's took him to an Indiana sanatorium for a few weeks' rest, and sent a box of neckties for Christmas.

But he grew more and more despondent. He began worrying about his new examination, about the difficulty of practicing in a strange nation and strange language. Last week, after reading in the *Chicago Tribune* that aliens were to be re-registered, Dr. Kamaraskus feared that he would be deported. He sat down and wrote a letter to his wife. Then he walked out in the snow, put a belt around his neck, tied the other end to a 5-ft.-high fence and leaned forward until he strangled to death.

GIANT IN A SNARE

DESPITE the skill, authority and sincerity of the participants, the Great Debate on U.S. foreign policy still rang hollow. Through last week all sides had been more clear and forceful about what they didn't want than about what they did want. The "internationalists" warned of the dire consequences of losing allies, and the "isolationists" of the dire consequences of trying to save allies. Nobody held out any happier hope than averting the worst. There seemed to be no architects of foreign policy around—just building inspectors.

On every wall calamity teetered: Korea, the strained U.S. budget, laggard Western European defense, the danger of German rearmament, the weakness of the Middle East and Africa, the limitations of U.S. atomic bombing, the possibility of atomic attacks on the U.S. No doubt the inspectors were right. Disaster lurked in all these places, and in others too. The U.S. horizon, however, could not be ringed with nothing but catastrophe. Some of that smoke was in the eyes of the beholders.

That Helpless Feeling

Odd, perhaps unparalleled in history, was this obsession with danger by leaders of a nation as strong as the U.S. The beaten and the besieged naturally think in terms of survival, not of opportunity. For them, there is good reason to forget that, in human affairs, to concentrate on survival is an almost sure way not to survive. No such excuse is available for the unbeaten, for those with wide freedom of action, for those who stand at the summit of power and responsibility. The U.S. still stands there.

Five years ago, none doubted the U.S. strength. Now doubts are everywhere. No neighborhood saloon lacks a master strategist who can prove that the U.S. is helpless against the Reds in Korea or Indo-China, or Iran, or France. Such calamity-howling Clausewitzes are twice as thick in the Senate as in the saloons, twice as thick in the State Department as in the Senate, and twice as thick in the Pentagon as in the State Department.

Has the relative strength of the U.S. in the world changed that much in five years? Actually, Communism has made two—and only two—major gains: the atomic bomb and China. These two gains, great as they are, do not cut the U.S. down from the world's first power to impotence. The U.S. has made some gains of its own during the past five years. Basic national unity has never been stronger. Mounting production has benefited all sections of the U.S. people (not a conclusive argument for capitalism, but certainly a timely reminder that capitalism is not finished). U.S. grants have helped put Western Europe on its postwar feet. And the U.S. has finally made up its mind about Communism, which it had not done five years ago.

The U.S. is still a giant. What makes it feel helpless? The answer might be to find what is wrong with the Great Debate.

The Absentee Pied Piper

In recent decades, the U.S. has taken more & more pride in not wanting much from the rest of the world. It gives thanks that it is not as other great powers were, exploiters, conquerors, oppressors. In the case of the U.S., the boast is not altogether pharisaical. Nor is it altogether virtuous. The peculiar history of the U.S. accounts for its lack of drive to dominate other lands. It expanded by picking up (rather easily) almost empty areas on its borders. Its rise is a story of internal growth, which now shows no sign of slackening—thus confounding the European economists, both Marxist and conservative, who are certain that industrialized nations must reach out for foreign markets. For better or worse, U.S. business just hasn't reached out.

The U.S. also lacks another kind of drive that has marked some great nations. Having absorbed on the basis of mutual tolerance the people of so many lands and creeds, the U.S. has not and cannot have a "master race" complex or a "lawgiver" complex.

Nevertheless, the U.S. is very much in the world. The "Made in America" tag is on the revolution of mass production that is

disturbing the world far more profoundly than the reaction of Soviet Communism. Two hundred years ago, only a few individuals could achieve material comfort. After the industrial revolution, only a few nations could achieve it. But the techniques of mass production unleashed by the Americans 40 years ago promise comfort for all—and the promise is an honest one, technically redeemable. This promise runs through the world (especially through Asia) like a Pied Piper, leading men to drop ancient ways of life and follow it. But the American is not on the ground to organize the energy released by this promise. Neither hope of profit nor love of domination takes the American to the spot. He is content to be a Pied Piper on television.

The Communist, however, is on the ground; he leads those lured by the absentee Pied Piper back to misery and slavery.

The U.S., without meaning to, has let loose the most dynamic force in the world. The U.S. cannot silence the Pied Piper of progress. It can only try to redeem the promise of his pipes.

The Hand Washers

Failure to understand this at home & abroad frustrates the making of U.S. policy and accounts for both the wave of anti-foreign sentiment sweeping the U.S. and the wave of anti-American sentiment in Europe and Asia.

Though foreigners would gasp to hear it, the American thinks of himself as a stable, passive element in a disturbed world. The foreigner knows better: he knows that America is a prime mover in the world's convulsions. When the American takes a step in international economic affairs, the non-American, who does not understand the peculiar U.S. economic background, suspects him of hypocritically looking for profit or trying to impose the American way of life. Similarly, the U.S. from time to time gets into these unreal "Great Debates" over "internationalism" v. "isolationism," because the American is caught between his own feeling of passivity and the dynamic reality: that "Americanism" is a highly explosive force acting on the world.

Thus the "Great Debate" of 1918-20 frittered out in an ignominious U.S. withdrawal from responsibility. The "Great Debate" of 1933-41 was getting nowhere when it was adjourned—but not really settled—by Pearl Harbor. Even before that war was over, U.S. leaders at Yalta were washing their hands of responsibility. They agreed to lines that excluded from U.S. influence millions of Poles, Czechs, Germans, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgarians and Chinese. Franklin Roosevelt, who grew up in the tradition of the high-walled American citadel, wanted to call World War II "The Survival War."

The symbol of the citadel, the wall, the defensive line, dominates the thought of even the most thoroughgoing American "internationalists." The American does not see himself leaping the seas, like the Athenian or the Briton, to bring order and progress to distant lands, and from there look on to other distant opportunities. When the American leaps the seas, he digs a ditch. He makes a perimeter and says, "Don't step over this."

This accounts for an ingrained habit of U.S. foreign policymakers: drawing loops on maps to show "what we will hold." Last week the U.S. political air was fuller of loops than a Wyoming rodeo. Secretary Acheson had the biggest loop, although it was frayed and limp and the knot kept slipping. It went around Western Europe, but maybe not Germany, and maybe not Spain, and probably not Africa. A separate strand encircled Greece and Turkey. All of Secretary Acheson's friends agreed that Iran should be inside the loop, but nobody was doing much about putting it there. India was probably inside, although it had not been persuaded that it ought to be. China, including Formosa, never had been there. Japan was Korea wasn't until the Communists attacked it and then it was, and now most of it isn't again.

Ex-President Hoover's loop is smaller. It leaves out continental Europe, takes in England and Formosa and Japan. Ex-

Ambassador Kennedy's takes in only the Western Hemisphere.

Instead of a big loop, Senator Taft has a lot of little loops, each protecting an island. Senator Taft even has some doubts that Malaya, which is only about 200 miles across and has some 1,000 miles of coastline, can be protected by sea power. No reasonable American will argue against Senator Taft's main thesis that the U.S. should emphasize its sea and air power. But Taft's definition of sea power is the most modest since Noah's. The British Empire, based on sea power, managed to hold secure great land masses as much as 1,500 miles from salt water, because the British regarded the sea not as a moat, but as a road.

The Borderers

The citadel or loop mentality also explains the present confusion at Lake Success over what to do about the Korean war. The trouble goes back to the drafting of the U.N. charter. U.N.'s goal should have been to establish and maintain international justice. Instead of this bold positive program, U.N.'s goal became the prevention of "aggression," narrowly defined. Aggression, for instance, did not include the undermining of one state by the arms and agents of another state, as in the Chinese civil war. It meant only the crossing of a border by the official army of the aggressor.

The North Koreans were defiant enough to transgress even this restricted legal loop. The U.N. instantly reacted. But when MacArthur was chasing the Korean Reds toward the 38th parallel, an outcry arose that showed how deeply the border-crossing fetish had sunk into the Western mind. MacArthur, it was held, would himself become an aggressor if he crossed the parallel in pursuit of the criminal force.

Here was a conception brand-new to the long and fruity annals of jurisprudence. Under this conception, if the policeman finds that the dagger has penetrated the victim's flesh, it is permitted that he seize the criminal by the wrist and force him to withdraw the knife; but he may not take the dagger away, much less arrest the criminal.

At the time, the U.N. did not fall for this—quite. But worse was to come. As MacArthur approached the Chinese-Korean border, some of the border-minded began to howl as if the whole Eighth Army was marching up their spines. Then the Chinese poured over the border—but that did not count because it was not official; the Chinese Communist government said that there was nobody killing Americans in Korea but us volunteers.

Since then, the Korean war has been well looped up. There was the heroic and brilliant loop around Hungnam, and the less brilliant one around Seoul, and next, apparently, will be a loop around Pusan. Perimeters, however, even brilliant and heroic ones, have only two military purposes: to get out of and to move forward from. Where is the U.S. going to move from its Pusan perimeter (or from any of the other perimeters drawn by the participants in the Great Debate)?

The Non-Provokers

When its forces were hit in Korea, the U.N. reacted as no law-enforcement agency ever had before. It politely invited the Chinese government to come to Lake Success. Then appeared the unforgettable General Wu, the only man in history (so far) to have the exquisite pleasure of telling a world organization of 60 nations representing 1,845,000,000 people to go climb a flagpole. General Wu was not much interested in borders, loops or perimeters. He placed his government in the vanguard of "all the oppressed nations and peoples of the East," who are struggling either against foreign rule or their own governments. He clearly implied Chinese Communist help to the Reds of Japan, Indo-China and the Philippines.

General Wu's country is flat on its back. It has no heavy industry and not enough food for its people. But Wu, unlike the participants in the U.S. Great Debate, did not seem worried about his country overextending itself. He was looking for opportunities, not for survival. What's more, the free world's analysts conceded to China a very good chance of making good on Wu's threats to Japan and Southeast Asia.

Since then, the U.N. and the U.S. have totally ignored the plain military and political opportunity to hit lawbreaker China

in the flank with air and sea power. To do so would be to cross the border of China, just seized by a gang of cutthroats who have no respect for anybody else's borders. The U.N. has been concentrating on the danger of provoking the Communists. Judging by the Communist reaction to U.N. politeness, nothing provokes a Red as much as non-provocation.

Another factor inhibiting action against the mainland of China is that it is not included in anybody's conception of the free world's citadel, or perimeter, or loop. In other words, the loops do not keep the enemy out; they keep the forces of the free world in.

The U.S. seems to be trying to adjust to the world as it is, instead of leading the world where it wants to go and striking at the enemy who stands in the way. As long as the U.S. is passive, every specific problem from Indonesia to France is "impossible." If the U.S. takes the initiative, most of the problems will be seen as opportunities. The closest Secretary Acheson has come to recognizing this is to say that the U.S. is trying to create "situations of strength." But a situation of strength needs to be used to create new and greater situations of strength.

Samples of Action

Here are some specific examples of how the passive U.S. attitude paralyzes policy:

Item: The Berlin airlift was a heaven-sent situation of strength. The U.S. accepted the gratitude and enthusiasm of the Germans, made no real effort to develop these into permanent assets. The airlift has become in German minds just a sentimental folk memory, like Santa Claus. Everybody is in favor of Santa Claus, but how many divisions can he raise?

Item: Marshall Plan aid to France (as to other countries) created a magnificent situation of strength. The passivists stood back and admired it, a monument of American generosity, and made no effective political use of it. U.S. policy in France has failed and is still failing to get what the U.S. wants—a France that can and will defend itself. A weak-kneed French government is the obstacle. Weak-kneed U.S. policy actually supports that government.

Item: Greatest situation of strength of all is in the Anglo-American alliance. This endures but it does not advance. At the moment, it is beset by suspicion and recriminations on both sides of the Atlantic. The British hang back because they cannot see just what, if anything, the Americans are trying to do.

Item: Spain is anti-Communist and has the largest army (372,000) in Western Europe. It guards the Mediterranean and is a bridge to Africa. The passivists ignore Spain because it creates no crisis. If Spain had a Communist revolution, the country would suddenly seem all important to Washington. But as an asset? No interest.

Item: Iran stands between the Russians and the Middle East oil they would like to have and which Western Europe must have to live. The passivists look sadly at Iran's internal weakness and shake their heads. That is not the only way for an American to look at Iran. Last month a TIME correspondent talked to U.S. engineers in Iran. Some spoke in glowing terms of a future in which Iran could support 50 million people and be a breadbasket for the whole Middle East. One said, "Damn, I wish I were 35 instead of 55. Then I'd have 20 good years left in me to see this country bloom the way our own West has done." A man who can look at poverty-stricken Iran and see the Imperial Valley of California in the future obviously has not got his mind on mere survival or perimeters.

Opportunities Everywhere

No matter how long or short the loops on the map are doodled, they will never be the right size for a U.S. fire brigade to put out all the fires the enemy can start on them.

The U.S. and its allies, however, have the power—if they have the will—to move forward and build up the strength and resolution of the anti-Communist world. Who can draw a loop around that world? It runs up to the Iron Curtain. It runs behind the Iron Curtain. Scores of millions belong to it in Poland and in Hungary, in China and in Russia. All of them are potential allies. All of them are opportunities.

INTERNATIONAL

NATO

Again, Ike

When General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower went to call on Secretary of State Dean Acheson one day last week, he wore muffs; among Washington's worried civilian functionaries he seemed no more confident, no less harried than the rest. After his talk with the Secretary of State, Eisenhower changed quickly into his working clothes—officers' pinks, Eisenhower jacket, and the five-star shoulder circlets of a General of the Army. For

ert Taft and Kenneth Wherry. They all liked Ike, even Taft and Wherry, who did not endorse his mission. At a press conference Eisenhower spoke with great optimism: "The Western world feels that it has the right and the duty to itself to live not only in security, but such security that will give to its peoples confidence, which means that they may live in tranquillity. That is all we are trying to do."

He soberly introduced the point that he would have to make time after time in his tour of the NATO capitals: "Unless every sacrifice made by America is matched by

In a message to the French and British people, Ike said:

"I return to Europe as a military commander, but with no miraculous plans, no display of military force. I return with an unshakable faith in Europe—this land of our ancestors—in the underlying courage of its people, in their willingness to live and sacrifice for a secure peace . . . Let us . . . put aside all . . . past grievances . . . There is power in our union . . . There is nothing which the nations of the Atlantic Community cannot achieve. Let those who might be tempted to put this power to the test ponder . . ."

Again, DeGaulle

Eisenhower's words last week were echoed by Charles de Gaulle. As it had ten years ago, when France was at her lowest moment of defeat and shame, De Gaulle's voice carried hope and courage. Said he: "Europe is here, full of men and means, linked to you, Americans, by a thousand essential ties . . . Believe me . . . her safety is the condition on which your safety depends." But he warned:

"If the American support is to aid the Europeans, it is not made to exempt them from their responsibilities . . . Whatever opinion one might have, for example, of the regime that governs Spain, this proud and valiant people . . . must be incorporated into the whole without waiting longer. Whatever may have been from century to century . . . it is a fact that Germany is at the heart of Europe and that the position on the Elbe demands the participation of the Germans."



MOSCOW ON KOREA

"Yes, Fellows, We Are Running in the Right Direction to Get Home"

Old Soldier Eisenhower—or perhaps it was for those who watched him—the change into uniform worked magic. Setting out on the biggest and most important job of his career, he seemed to have grown taller and more erect, and to radiate confidence.

Hero's Task. General Eisenhower went back to Europe to take the supreme command of a NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) whose forces were marshaled largely on paper. He would have to persuade a war-weary, unconfident Western Europe that it must make sacrifices and get ready to fight again. He would have to do it while his own country's councils were divided about his task, while his country's forces were suffering a humiliating defeat in Korea—a fact that Russian propaganda was exploiting to the hilt. He would have to build the defenses of an area that lay open to the Red army, and would remain so until it was armed.

But Ike, as he prepared to take off on his "fact-finding" trip to the other eleven NATO nations, showed neither anxiety nor doubt. He lunched with Senators of both parties, including Republicans Rob-

ert Taft and Kenneth Wherry. They all liked Ike, even Taft and Wherry, who did not endorse his mission. At a press conference Eisenhower spoke with great optimism: "The Western world feels that it has the right and the duty to itself to live not only in security, but such security that will give to its peoples confidence, which means that they may live in tranquillity. That is all we are trying to do."

At week's end, at the National Airport, he reviewed a guard of honor from all services, made a four-way handclasp with Truman, Acheson and Marshall, kissed wife Mamie, and set off in Marshall's shiny Constellation for Paris. A reporter said to Lieut. General Alfred Gruenther, Eisenhower's chief of staff, who accompanied him: "I hope you have the best of luck." Said Gruenther: "Don't hope. Pray."

Hero's Welcome. Fifteen hours later Eisenhower's plane landed at Orly Field. Five-and-a-half years after he had left as the commander in chief of the victorious Allied armies, Eisenhower returned to Europe facing a danger and a task that were even greater than those of World War II. At his request, Paris had reluctantly canceled a hero's welcome. Eisenhower drove straight to his hotel, pausing only to circle the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, soon settled down to a four-hour conference with his old comrade-in-arms, Field Marshal Montgomery.

THE NATIONS

Moscow's Little Finger

Last November Moscow made a clear-as-vodka attempt to disrupt the Western decision to rearm Western Germany: the Kremlin held out the enticing prospect of another Council of Foreign Ministers meeting. The U.S., Britain and France replied that such a talk must include not only the question of Germany but of other areas of disagreement as well. On New Year's Eve, the Russians answered. They reaffirmed their offer to talk about Germany, but gave neither a flat *da* nor a flat *no* on whether they were willing to talk about the other sore spots.

The French, who had only reluctantly agreed to German rearmament, chose to find grounds for hope in Moscow's vague reply. There was a lot of talk in Britain and France to the effect that the West ought to stand ready to delay or scrap West Germany's defense in exchange for Russian concessions. The fact remained that no conceivable concessions by Moscow could be worth a strong Germany in the Western camp. Washington remained cool to the Russian offer. But by merely crooking its diplomatic little finger, Moscow had managed to show up (and increase) the cracks in the Western front.

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

To Pusan—& Beyond?

The MacArthur miracle that would have established the U.N. forces in a line across the waist of Korea did not come to pass. After abandoning the Korean capital and its port, Inchon (see below), the only possible move was retreat toward Pusan.

There are two more lines where the U.S. might stand to fight delaying actions, the first above Chonan and Chungju, the second above Taejon (see map). It seemed likely that the Communists would soon make their customary long halt for regrouping and resupply. If they did, the Eighth Army might stop to harass them, make them pay dearly for every mile gained. But if the Chinese continued their powerful assault, the U.N. forces could not attempt a serious holding action anywhere short of the old Pusan perimeter. In Korea and Tokyo last week, there was more & more talk that the U.N. forces would quit Korea altogether, would use Pusan only as a base for safe evacuation.

Even if Pusan could be held (which was by no means certain), it was not clear what good it would do. The last time, the U.N. forces used the perimeter as a base for a counter-offensive; there was no such hope this time. The only way to strike back at the enemy—Red China—was to hit its vulnerable supply lines, its military bases, its industries from the air and sea. But that, apparently, was precisely the thing that Washington did not want to do.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Scorched-Earth Retreat

Said a U.S. officer, who had hoped that Douglas MacArthur's coast-to-coast line below the 38th parallel could be held: "What are you going to do when the enemy doesn't care how many men he loses?"

The suicidal fury of the Reds' first attack north of Seoul was astounding. The vast mass of the enemy pressed on by day as well as by night, ignoring U.S. artillery zeroed in on their lines of advance, ignoring the swarm of planes that hammered them from the air.

A U.S. communications unit stationed on what it supposed was an unassailable hilltop was amazed to see Chinese climbing up over steep, rocky crags. The Americans started firing at 20 yards. "Some we nailed," said a corporal, "and they'd take two or three others down with them, a drop of 75 feet. But they kept coming. If our machine-gunners hadn't cut them off from below, we might have run them off ammo. It looked like curtains."

Having forced their way across the frozen Imjin River, the Chinese ran into minefields and barbed wire. The leading elements marched right through the minefields, most of them blowing themselves up, and those who followed advanced over their own dead. When they reached the barbed wire, hundreds of Chinese flung

straw mats down on the wire, then threw themselves down on the mats, and the others trod the living bridge over the wire.

A Lot of Practice. Concentrating 30,000 troops on a half-mile front, the Chinese mauled a regiment of the R.O.K. 1st Division, broke through and fanned out, threatening an adjacent U.S. division from the rear. Then the planned Allied retreat began. Once more, the bumper-to-bumper vehicle columns rolled south. It was a scorched-earth retreat: the troops and the aircraft burned every building in which the pursuing foe could take shelter.

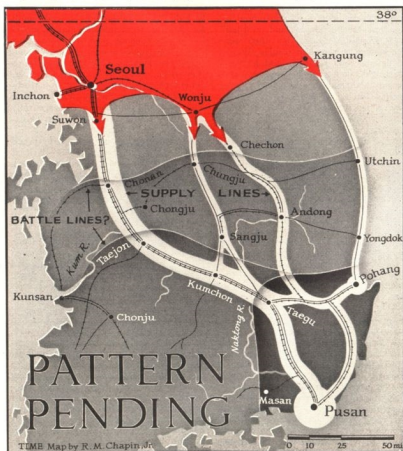
An icy north wind followed the retreating G.I.s and seared the faces of rear-guards firing from the back slopes of paddy-field dikes. The Chinese sought and found the junction between two U.N. outfits—one British, one American—and broke through. When the British on a neighboring hilltop opened fire, the Chinese swarmed up the hill and forced the British off. Twelve British tanks were ambushed and abandoned.

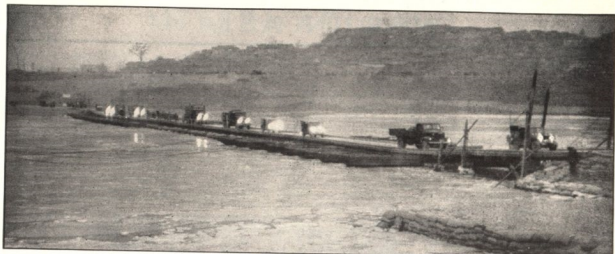
From the north, northwest and northeast, the Chinese converged on Seoul. The U.S. 24th Division, holding the center road leading to the city, slowed up the enemy by counterattacking with 20 Pershing tanks, and briefly recaptured Uijong-

bu. But this was only a delaying action; Seoul was doomed. President Syngman Rhee and his cabinet fled to Pusan. Allied evacuation of the capital was carried out efficiently and without undue haste (see below). "After all," said a U.S. officer bitterly, "we've had a lot of practice."

Flaming Broom. At Kimpo airfield, there was no time to save 500,000 gallons of fuel and 23,000 gallons of napalm (jellied gasoline for fire bombs). They went up in black smoke. The airfield barracks were soaked with kerosene; then a captain ran from one to another, setting them afire with a flaming broom. At Inchon, the port troops and thousands of civilians were evacuated under the guns of warships of five nations (U.S., British, Canadian, Australian, Dutch). The last two LSTs were floated off the mud flats by a high tide as the Chinese were swarming into the port area.

The enemy pushed a few spearheads beyond fallen Seoul, but failed to follow them up in force. Nevertheless, the retreating Allies lost no time in evacuating Suwon and putting its airfield to the torch. Next, they abandoned Osan (where the first U.S. units in Korea began their delaying action last summer). The road from there to Taejon, scene of last sum-





RETREAT ACROSS THE HAN
Some weep.

John Dominis—LIFE

mer's most tragic battle, was clogged with refugees. And 50 miles to the east, a flanking threat was developing at Wonju, an important rail and road center which lies in rugged uplands like those around the Changjin reservoir in northeast Korea.

The Difficult Art. While Seoul was falling, the enemy had pushed down the central mountains toward Wonju. Despite MacArthur's statement that vast numbers of Chinese were in the area, the local U.S. commander found himself confronted by only four "well-equipped and well-fed" North Korean divisions, but they were quite enough to give him trouble. Wonju was defended by the U.S. 2nd Division (which had taken a terrible beating in the Chinese November offensive), plus French, Dutch and South Korean units. They were supplied by airdrop from C-119s ("Flying Boxcars") and smaller transports which landed on a makeshift airstrip and took out wounded.

Four R.O.K. regiments, which had been mauled in the fighting farther north, found themselves cut off by an enemy roadblock. U.S. units broke up the roadblock, and the South Koreans got through to the Allied lines. Wonju was then attacked on three sides by the determined North Koreans, and seemed about to fall when an Allied counterattack saved it temporarily. Twenty-four hours later, the U.N. forces abandoned the town.

There was no blinking the fact that the retreat toward Pusan was tragedy for Koreans (see below) and a hard defeat for the U.S. Americans might take some bitter comfort from the fact that their soldiers, traditionally unaccustomed to retreat, were rapidly learning that difficult military art. They retreated in orderly fashion, with very few losses. Their morale remained high. They were no longer alarmed when temporarily surrounded. Some of the more defiant noncoms and junior officers were reluctant to withdraw when they thought they could stand fast, but most were encouraged by persistent rumors that they would soon be quitting the hellish Korean theater altogether.

Another City

TIME Correspondent Dwight Martin, in Seoul again before it fell to the Communists, cabled:

SEOUL was all but dead. During the day, occasional bands of laborers trudged off to the north to work on the city's last-ditch defenses. The rest of the remaining population seemed to be mostly kids, some hawking U.N. and South Korean flags from sidewalk stands, others having the time of their lives propelling themselves about frozen pavements and ponds on little homemade sleds which they rode squatting on their haunches. Seoul's black-marketeers went imperturbably about their chores, blowing their whistles and semaphoring energetically with their hands whenever a jeep or ox-cart hove into sight.

At night, the city lay black, empty and desolate in the moonlight. The crack of small-arms fire rang incessantly through the streets, much of it directed at jeep thieves who worked steadily every night. Seoul's Capitol Club, where two weeks ago a plate of potato chips had sold for \$2.50, was dark and deserted. In its stead, a few blocks away, stood Seoul's last-ditch nightspot, the Consolation Club, which advertised "Fifty Beautiful Women Fifty." Inside, a dozen odd bedraggled beauties gyrated round a scarred dance floor, their swirling Korean skirts revealing singularly unattractive expanses of olive-drab G.I. long johns.

Beaver & Velvet. To anyone who had watched the death of Nanking in 1949, the death of Seoul was a familiar tale: the empty streets, the one or two deserted trolleys that rocked forlornly along the main stem, the last tired oxen plodding patiently southward, were all sharply reminiscent of similar scenes in China. At week's end the wealthy, who could afford to wait until the last minute, were packing up to get out. In front of upper-class Korean houses and stores, merchants in beaver-collared coats supervised the load-

ing of their more valued belongings. A beautiful girl in a rich velvet skirt and cloak glided gracefully into a waiting auto.

As the last refugees took their leave of Seoul, both the week and the year came to an end. Here & there, there were signs of a celebration. In the skies the bright winter moon was waning; U.S. officers guessed that as the nights darkened, the Reds would renew their attack.

Two days later, from morning till night, the retreating U.N. forces rolled back down the two main roads through Seoul—down the same roads on which outnumbered South Korean troops and a handful of U.S. advisers had fled six months before.

The retreating R.O.K. soldiers were the most miserable troops I ever saw. They had fought a valiant rearguard action for two days and two nights, but few of them would fight again for a long time to come.

Many of them were just barely able to hobble. They put one frozen, straw-shod and rag-bound foot in front of the other, at a pace that could not have exceeded a few hundred yards an hour. Some of them wept with pain as they walked, others lay sprawled grotesquely on the frozen stubble by the roadside, in the deathlike sleep of utter exhaustion. One R.O.K. rifleman was crawling on his hands and knees, his Garand still slung across his back, when some G.I.s with an I and R. (Intelligence and Reconnaissance) platoon found him and packed him off in a jeep.

Teacups & Christmas Trees. Fires were raging the length & breadth of Seoul, the result of vandalism, carelessness, or both. The Bon-Chong, the old black market, went up, and with it went at least three square blocks of ramshackle stores and dwellings. By 9 p.m. the fires were sending showers of sparks cascading down on the steel-shuttered U.S. Embassy and on the tile-roofed Chosun Hotel, where a South Korean flag hung limply in the cold. The hotel itself was completely deserted. The staff had fled during the day, and the building had the queerly disturbing air of a ghost ship. There were two half-filled

teacups on the room clerk's desk, two heavily tinsel Christmas trees in the lobby, and exactly four lights burning on the telephone switchboard.

The wide intersection in front of the city hall was lighted up like a movie set by the flames that crackled through a front of shops. The place was completely deserted except for a small boy in a lamb's-wool cap, who stood weeping forlornly in front of the city hall steps. I walked over to him and asked him his name. He said his name was Hong Kiu He, that he was eight years old and that he had no father or mother. We put young master Hong in our jeep and drove down Mapo Boulevard to the Toyoda Apartment Hotel.

I had been in the Toyoda once before—last September, after Seoul was captured by United Nations forces. Then, the only occupant of the building had been a dead North Korean soldier who lay on the floor to the right of the entrance to the dining room. Now, in the same spot, an exhausted G.I. was grabbing a few minutes' sleep in front of a small stove.

Maps in the Dining Room. The G.I. belonged to Colonel John ("Mike") Michaelis' proud 27th Infantry Regiment, which had put the fear of the U.S. Army into many a North Korean soldier. Now it was screening the U.N. retreat in this section of the city; Michaelis had set up his command post in the dining room. He stood before his tactical maps with his division commander, Major General John Church, commanding officer of the U.S. 24th Division. There had been some concern that the Chinese—who had started to move into the city from the north and northeast that morning—might cut off the pontoon bridges over the Han which the U.N. forces would need for their retreat. General Church turned away from the maps and grinned. "We've been in lots tighter spots than this before," he said. "We'll get out all right."

By 11 a.m. the Chinese were well into the northwestern sector of Seoul. Baker Company of Mike Michaelis' 1st Battalion was having a hot fight. The last frantic surge of refugees spewed forth across the ice of the frozen Han.

A few minutes later the last of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders came out across the railroad bridge; in another quarter hour the span itself went down with the roar of eight tons of explosives. Farther to the west, at the southern end of the last remaining bridge across the Han, Mike Michaelis operated his C.P. from a jeep parked on the sandy approaches of the Han. Michaelis had just been told that his Baker Company had been cut off on the other side of the river.

Overhead, F-80 Shooting Stars and F-51 Mustangs wheeled and dived into the oncoming Chinese. Along the northern bank of the river, a platoon of Michaelis' troops and some ROKs lay strung out in a thin line, rifles and BARs pointed to the north. Michaelis got some good news: Baker Company had lined up with the one other U.S. rifle company still across the river, and was on its way out.

A Flag for City Hall. Just after 1 p.m., Baker Company's commander, Captain Gordon C. Jung of Cincinnati, came out with his men. Said he: "They've been hitting us pretty steadily since 7 a.m. Some of them came in uniform, and others came in disguised as single 'refugees.' Just as we pulled out they raised the biggest goddamned North Korean flag you ever saw over the city hall."

By 2 p.m. the pontoon bridge was blown and the last of the outnumbered and defeated U.N. army was on the dusty, snow-fringed road toward the south. At Kimpo Airfield enormous fires boiled up from abandoned U.S. fuel and ammunition dumps. Along the river road, U.S. and Korean troops went through the motions of digging in, but no one thought they would stay for long. We headed our jeep south for Taegu. That night the victorious Chinese army came over the ice of the frozen Han River.

REFUGEES

"The Greatest Tragedy"

By the roadside, a mile from Seoul, lay the frozen body of a barefooted little boy, face frozen in a tangled knot of abandoned telephone wire. Past his stiff, straight body moved a torrent of refugees, carrying whatever possessions they could balance on their heads or strap to their tired backs. Few glanced at the dead child; the sight was too common.

"They Just Don't Care." All week long before Seoul fell, the refugees poured day & night through the city, out across the Han River ice and south along frozen roads, railroad tracks and byways toward Pusan. Hoping that the retreating U.N. forces would still stop somewhere and give

them protection from the Communists, more than 1,000,000 of Seoul's 1,200,000 people took to the road. Altogether, nearly 2,000,000 were moving across the countryside.

A few lucky ones escaped in army vehicles, battered civilian autos, wheezing motorcycles, oxcarts; thousands packed themselves into southbound railroad gondola cars. But most of them walked, their feet bound with rags, their bodies swathed in bed quilts, blankets, silks. Retreating U.N. troops stopped frequently to rescue crying babies strapped to the backs of mothers who had fallen dead.

At Yongdung rail junction, outside Seoul, 20,000 refugees squatted in an area about 100 yards wide and half a mile long, waiting for a chance to clamber aboard freight trains. They strapped themselves to the sides of flatcars, clung to perilous footholds by slender strands of rope. On one engine, a woman wedged herself atop a steam valve to keep warm, not realizing that when the train started moving she would inevitably freeze and topple off.

Said an American captain: "You can't keep them off the tracks. Sometimes as many as four or five are killed in a single night. Most of them just get confused. But I guess some of them get so tired and hopeless that they just don't care enough any more to get out of the way."

Lessons Learned. The refugees fled in fear of being caught between the opposing armies, in fear of Red reprisals (many had been openly anti-Communist during the brief weeks of U.N. victory), above all in fear of their ancient enemies, the Chinese, for whom they had revived their old epithet *oranche* (savages). Many who had stayed when the Reds invaded South



KOREAN REFUGEES
Some just get confused.

Carl Mydans—Life

Korea last June, this time picked up their bundles and ran. They had learned the bitter lessons of Communist liberation.

The U.N. army's Civil Assistance Command and Korean officials, doing their desperate best to provide clothing and shelter, tried to persuade the refugees to go to southwest Korea, where it would be easier to feed them. But the refugees, remembering that last time the Communists quickly overran the southwest, insisted on going to Pusan, where the U.N. army was likeliest to hold.

Sad Responsibility. Pusan was already choked with 225,000 refugees (normal pop. 400,000), and had to be kept free for the movement of military supplies. At week's end, the U.N. army announced that once again Communist agents had been found among the refugees, ordered more thorough screening (which would be an added burden for U.N. forces).

Last week 40 trucks bought with ECA money and loaded with blankets and clothing drove ashore at Pusan, the first to arrive of 214 trucks which ECA bought originally to rehabilitate the South Korean economy. More supplies were on the way. But at best, all that the refugees could look forward to was huddling in warehouses or other improvised shelters, waiting for rice handouts, sometimes literally burning up the buildings to keep warm.

The U.S. had a sad responsibility toward Korea's refugees, for it had held out to them, at least implicitly, the promise of protection from the Reds. Yet the U.S., itself in a desperate military plight in Korea, could scarcely do more to help the refugees. No one knew what was to become of them if & when the U.N. line once more shrank to the narrow Pusan perimeter—or the U.N. forces were forced out of Korea altogether. Said Eighth Army Commander Matthew B. Ridgway, of the refugees' plight: "Perhaps the greatest tragedy in the course of its long history . . . Everything else is dwarfed by the pathos of this tragedy, and our American people haven't the faintest concept of it. In the words of Shakespeare, 'There are more things in heaven and earth . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

THE ALLIES

In Clover

On the west flank of the Seoul front, in the sector split by the road from Kaesong, units of the U.S. 25th Division and the British Commonwealth 29th Brigade had come under attack almost simultaneously. The Chinese were attacking all along the British line, against the Royal Ulster Rifles, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and the Gloucestershires. The British regulars had been spoiling for a fight ever since they landed in Korea some two months before, and now they were getting one. Said an officer at the brigade C.P.: "My best company commander's got bullet holes all up the side of his trousers and

a gash in the thigh. He's as happy as a pig in clover."

Like the rest of the U.N. forces north of Seoul, the British were getting ready to withdraw, but they had a few small chores to attend to first. Lieut. Colonel Kingsley Foster, C.O. of the Northumberland Fusiliers, pointed down a small valley toward two smoldering villages. "Some of my troops, including a few wounded, are pinned down there," he said. "I've lost my senior major, a classmate of mine whom I've known for 25 years. I've also lost my assault platoon commander. We're just about to go in and get out the rest." Then the colonel had some cheese & crackers and a mug of tea, swung his carbine over his shoulder and marched off to join his riflemen. The counterattack came off successfully, and a few hours later, the British too started their pullback through Seoul and out across the Han to the south.



Associated Press
SERGEANT & MRS. TRAVIS WATKINS
When last seen . . .

MEN AT WAR

The First Five

On Aug. 31, at Yongsan, Korea, handsome (see cut) Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, 29, of Gladewater, Texas, took command of 30 infantrymen who had been cut off from their regiment, led them to a defensive position where they held out for four days under unremitting Communist attack. When ammunition ran low on Sept. 2, Watkins shot five North Koreans outside his perimeter, calmly left shelter to get their weapons and ammunition. Although wounded himself, he fired on six other Reds who threatened to enfilade the American position. His back was broken by enemy machine-gun fire, but he continued to fire until all six were killed.

For 48 hours Watkins lay paralyzed in his foxhole, shouting encouragement to the others. Finally, with no hope of reinforcement, he ordered his men to return

to friendly lines without him. "When last seen," read an Army report, "he was wearing a smile and was wishing the survivors the best of luck on their way out."

This week, in the White House, President Truman was to present the Medal of Honor to Travis Watkins' widow. On behalf of four other U.S. fighting men, killed or missing in action in Korea, relatives would accept the first five to be awarded in the Korean war.* The other fighting men so honored are 1st Lieut. Frederick F. Henry, 33, of Clinton, Okla.; Private 1st Class Melvin L. Brown, 20, of Mahaffey, Pa.; Sergeant 1st Class Charles W. Turner, 29, of Boston; and Major General William F. Dean, 51, of Berkeley, Calif. Of Dean's now famed exploit in besieged, burning Taejon, when he led bazooka teams against enemy tanks and refused to seek safety (Time, July 31), the citation said: "General Dean felt it necessary to sustain the courage and resolution of his troops by examples of excessive gallantry committed always at the threatened portions of his front lines."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA Counterattack

General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, sent out from Paris a month ago to put backbone into the crumbling French forces in Indo-China, last week threw 12,000 of his soldiers into a counterattack against the Reds. He carefully pointed out that it was not the big offensive he hoped to launch, but only an *opération de dégagement* to relieve pressure on the northeastern flank of the French-held Red River delta. Communist probing attacks have penetrated perilously close to Hanoi, threatened to cut the city off from the supply port of Haiphong.

De Lattre's men drove into the hills north of Haiphong. A Time correspondent accompanying the French reported: "The task force followed a narrow Viet Minh track where the jungle crowds in from all sides. The men crossed numberless ravines on thin bamboo strands. On a better road a mile to the south, a column with mules transporting French 75s provided artillery support, while the French light cruiser *Duguay-Trouin* also zeroed in on Viet Minh positions. On the second day, Viet Minh opened machine-gun fire, but when Moroccan troops began closing in, they fled leaving behind no dead, no wounded."

By week's end, De Lattre's men had recaptured two previously abandoned French outposts and were 15 miles west of Moncahy. The French were sure that they had beaten off an impending Communist offensive. Said De Lattre: "The facts speak for themselves."

But the facts, hard to come by in a stringent news blackout, would have to speak a lot louder before the West could find grounds for optimism in Indo-China.

* The first Medals of Honor were awarded to six U.S. soldiers on March 25, 1863, after authorization by Congress. Since then 3,041 have been given, including 431 in World War II.



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FOREIGN NEWS

THE COMMONWEALTH

The Big Brothers

Television cameras, never before allowed inside 10 Downing Street, last week boldly stared at Prime Minister Clement Attlee and the distinguished guests assembled in his white-pillared drawing room. When the public show was over, the representatives of eight Commonwealth countries shifted to Attlee's small businesslike cabinet room, where—out of the world's sight and hearing—they began their fourth conference since the war. They would talk for ten days, discuss every aspect of global strategy affecting the Commonwealth's 570 million people.

Most important questions on the ministers' agenda:

¶ China, with Britain's Attlee and India's Nehru still advocating admission of the Red Chinese to the U.N.

¶ Japanese rearmament, with Australia and New Zealand reluctantly in favor, if adequate security guarantees can be devised.

¶ Malaya, where the British hope other Commonwealth nations will take over some of Britain's heavy burden of fighting the Communists.

¶ A Pacific pact of free nations, tentatively proposed by Australia and New Zealand.

¶ The defense of the Middle East, whose

invariably set down at 10:21 on the dot, transfer to the main line to London's financial district. With a few minutes to spare, Driver Percy Playle and his fireman left the cab for a quick cup of tea.

While they were gone, at exactly 10:14, the ancient steam engine began to huff and puff, and without a human soul aboard, the little train slowly pulled out of Palace Gates.

The fireman gave chase, but the train hit a downgrade, soon outdistanced him. Driver Playle rushed to the telephone to warn stations down the line. There were passengers waiting at Noel Park, three-quarters of a mile away, but the little train puffed past them. Half a mile farther



COMMONWEALTH LEADERS & FRIENDS*

Against the Leviathan (and offspring), a fraternal force.

Said one conferee: "The atmosphere is that of a bunch of big brothers returning home from abroad and swapping ideas around the table."

One big brother, however, was missing—Pakistan's burly Liaquat Ali Khan. Liaquat had refused to come to London unless he got a promise that the conference would formally consider the long-smoldering dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir, where, after two years of futile attempts at negotiation, Indian and Pakistani troops still face each other belligerently across an uneasy U.N. cease-fire line. By tradition, Commonwealth conferences do not concern themselves with disputes among members, but all the ministers were eager to bring the ninth brother into the fold. Attlee fired off messages to Liaquat offering informal discussion of Kashmir, followed up with an offer of "complete consideration" and possible mediation. At week's end, after several days of cabled quibbling, Liaquat accepted the compromise, took off for London.

Moslem populations may, Britain hopes, be rallied with the help of Moslem Pakistan—if Brother Liaquat and Brother Nehru can be induced to make peace.

Wrote London's *Time & Tide*: "The British Commonwealth, which stretches into every geographical division of the world and can fire the loyalty of millions of free men of all colors and many races, is a force that can, in alliance with America, face the Russian Leviathan undaunted." Whether it would gladly follow the U.S., if the U.S. took firm and specific action against the Leviathan and the Leviathan's warmaking Chinese offspring, was another question.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Train That Went

Palace Gates is a spur-line railway station in the drab reaches of London's northern suburbs. Into Palace Gates one morning last week panted the little two-coach train which invariably leaves at 10:15 for Seven Sisters, where commuters

it whipped through West Green. In the next mile it picked up more speed, but just outside Seven Sisters a steep upgrade slowed it down. It puffed into Seven Sisters at eight miles an hour.

Station Foreman George Buckland took a flying leap into the cab, pulled hard on the air brake. The little train slowed down, came to rest just where it should, at the end of the Seven Sisters platform. Time: 10:21 on the dot. Down the snow-covered track from Palace Gates came panting Driver Playle and his fireman. They had made the 2½ miles in 16 minutes. At Seven Sisters a lone passenger got in. The little train, once more under human control, pulled out for the return trip to Palace Gates.

Said a British Railways official: "It was just one of those things."

* South Africa's T. E. D. Dinges, Ceylon's Don Stephen Senanayake, Southern Rhodesia's Sir Geoffrey Huggins, New Zealand's Sidney Holland, Australia's Robert Menzies, Queen Elizabeth, King George, the Duchess of Kent, Canada's Louis St. Laurent, Clement Attlee, Princess Margaret, India's Jawaharlal Nehru.

GERMANY

Just an Old Cow Hand...

Toward the end of World War II, a Kremlin visitor warned Stalin that the German Communist Party might—some day—outnumber and outdo the Russian party. Stalin snorted: "Communism on a German is like a saddle on a cow."

By 1951, Stalin's communizers of East Germany had learned from bitter experience that Stalin might be right. After nearly five years of trying to saddle their cow, they seemed to be having more trouble than ever. Last week Party Boss Walter Ulbricht decreed that East Germany's Socialist Unity Party (SED) would have to be purged. He announced that 20,000 party officials, working from now until July in 4,000 teams of five, would screen the SED's 1,600,000 card holders. The 20,000 would be supervised by 1,000 of the party's elite.

The SED was formed in 1946 when the regular Communist Party merged with the Eastern Zone Socialists. For a while, the Communists honored their promise of bi-party "parity." Then, one by one, nearly all the Socialist leaders were eased out. Now the rank & file Socialists who have not been fully converted to Communism will have to go too. SED card holders, announced Ulbricht, will be investigated "regarding all phases of their lives." They must be "true workers," must know Marx & Lenin by the numbers, must above all be devoted to the interests of the Soviet Union—no "morally tainted elements or careerists" will be tolerated. All party cards will be turned in, and to get new cards, members will have to answer "a number of

questions on the role played by the Soviet Communist Party."

Ulbricht & Co. predict that they will oust 25% of the party's functionaries, 10% of its rank & file members, be left with a tighter, handier Communist Party. But if Stalin knew what he was talking about, the saddle was still likely to be an odd fit.

And No Birds Sing

For two generations the cliff-guarded, North Sea island of Helgoland led a strained double life as a famous European bird sanctuary and as a key naval base for Imperial and later Nazi Germany. World War II scared away the birds; at war's end, the British also sent away Helgoland's human population of 1,400, turned Germany's backyard Gibraltar into a target range for Royal Air Force and U.S. Air Force bombers. Every five days or so, bombers out on target practice pounded the island's remains to smithereens.

A lot of Germans brooded over this indignity. Last month two Heidelberg students, 21-year-old Georg von Hatzfeld and 22-year-old René Leudesdorff, had an idea. Said Leudesdorff, an ardent United Europe supporter: "We suddenly saw that Helgoland was a symbol of injustice. We decided to make an issue of Helgoland in order to clear everyone's conscience."

Nothing But the Rats. The students hired a fishing boat in the port of Cuxhaven, sailed off to occupy the island until

* An especially unfortunate role for Helgoland, which, because of the severity of its winds and waves, in ancient times was dedicated to Forseti, the stern Teuton god of justice.

the British stopped the bombings and returned it to its former inhabitants. Equipped with the flags of West Germany, Helgoland and the United Europe movement, they landed on the rubble shore. "It looked to us," said one of the invaders later, "like the world on the morning after the next war." The island's vegetation had been wiped out; except for rats, few living things had survived. The two students huddled in a flak tower, the only building left standing. They hoisted the European flag on top of the tower, wrapped the other two around themselves to keep warm. After three days they announced a "voluntary withdrawal" to Cuxhaven.

But they returned a few days later, with two genuine Helgolanders and supplies. Within a week two dozen students, newspapermen and banished Helgolanders were on the island. The most prominent new arrival was Historian Prince Hubertus zu Löwenstein, a wartime anti-Nazi refugee and postwar German nationalist. "A Gandhian gesture," explained the prince.

All German political factions, including the Communists, cheered the news of the invasion. Fresh from Helgoland, where a century ago Poet Hoffmann von Fallersleben had written *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*, Invader Leudesdorff exulted: "This is the first time since the war that all Germans are united."

Actually, the invaders were far from united. Returned Helgolanders, intent on making the island livable, scrounged among the rubble for furniture and firewood. They growled at Prince Hubertus and other intellectuals, who were too busy pecking out manifestos and newspaper reports on their portable typewriter to lend a hand. One invader, dubbed the *Totengräber* (gravedigger) by his disapproving companions, kept completely to himself, spent all his time rearranging skulls and bones in the island's ruined cemetery.

What, No Handcuffs? The British hastily passed an edict banning any visits to Helgoland, then told German authorities to enforce it. A British revenue cutter ordered to the scene was damaged by ice floes and forced back to base for repairs. A Royal Navy patrol boat met the same fate. The ex-German navy captain of a minesweeper flotilla, now operating under British orders, refused to send his ships.

Last week the British revenue cutter, repaired and loaded with German police, again headed for Helgoland. When the invaders refused to budge, the diplomatic German police chief complimented them on their courage, saluted "the courageous and bold occupiers of Helgoland." Mollified, the invaders marched peaceably aboard the cutter. At Cuxhaven the invaders politely asked the police chief to put handcuffs on them; it would look so much more dramatic for the photographers who were waiting on the pier. Regretfully, he shook his head, and the culprits walked ashore unbound.

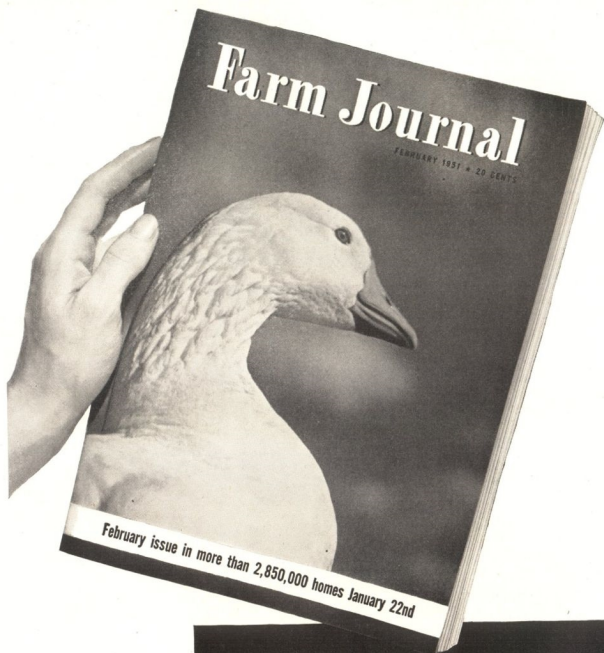
In London, the R.A.F. announced that the bombings would be suspended for two months while Helgoland was "surveyed."



ZIM

For the Soviet junior executive, commuting from his Moscow office to his comfortable *dacha* on the Mzhaisk superhighway, this new six-cylinder job fills the bill. Its designers seem to have had their eyes on Kaiser-Frazer's bulge, the Dodge and Lincoln grillwork, Buick's hood (though not the "portholes"), and Studebaker's square low lights. Zim stands for Zavod Imeni Molotova (factory named after Molotov) and despite its more modern design is still, at 95 h.p., No. 2 car to the 110 h.p. ZIS (factory named after Stalin). For lower Soviet officials, there is the four-cylinder Pobeda (Victory), and for the ruck of bureaucrats, the Moskvich, slightly larger than a Crosley. Ordinary Russians walk.

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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Perceptive Pardon

Juan Perón neatly finessed his most troublesome foe last week by bestowing freedom upon him.

For ten months Ricardo Balbín, leader of the Radical opposition, had sat in jail for calling the President a "dictator" and a "liar" in a campaign speech (TIME, May 1, Dec. 11). During that time, criticism of such harsh and humorless punishment for a political opponent had risen sharply both at home and abroad. Balbín, more popular than ever before, shouted from his cell: "I have no regrets. I am less a prisoner than those on the outside."

Last week President Perón ordered a pardon for Balbín because "a definitive sentence [had] not yet been pronounced" on him. With these bland words, Perón disarmed his critics. Balbín went to his home. But the law of *desacato* (disrespect for public officials), under which Balbín had been sent to jail, remained very much in effect.

HONDURAS

Flying Wildcatter

In a Tegucigalpa bank one morning last week, Joe Silverthorne crapped ten \$1,000 bills in his fist, waved them jubilantly in the face of a friend, "You see these?" gloated the lean, pistol-packing Texan. "Well, when I get to Miami next month, I'm going to swap them for a \$10,000 bill. I've never had a \$10,000 bill, but I'm going to get one and wave it under the nose of every s.o.b. in Tegucigalpa."

The ten crisp bills represented part of the profits that have rolled into Silverthorne's hands in the year that he has been operating a wildcat airline called ANHSA (National Airline of Honduras). Though the little republic already had two major airlines, TACA of Honduras and SAHSA, a Pan American affiliate, the newcomer had somehow skimmed off the cream of the freight business.

"Just Turn on the Radio." Old Barnstormer Joe Silverthorne, now 40, knows all the tricks; he learned them from one of the smartest air operators ever to hit Central America. Back in 1934, after a hitch in the U.S. Navy, Joe Silverthorne became a crew chief for New Zealand-born Lowell Yerex's TACA airline. Brassy and hard-fisted, he soon caught the eye of Yerex, who made him his personal bodyguard and general handyman.

After World War II, which he spent ferrying Allied planes across the Atlantic, Silverthorne completed his education by operating a Nicaraguan airline in partnership with Dictator Tacho Somoza's son Tachito. Two years ago he sold out and, with a DC-3 and two Lockheed Lodestars, moved on to Tegucigalpa to form ANHSA.

Keeping \$65,000 worth of the company's \$100,000 capital stock for himself as compensation for the three planes, he

judiciously sold the rest to influential Honduran politicians. Though Silverthorne denies it, many Hondurans believe that President Juan Manuel Gálvez's son Roberto got a piece.

For headquarters, Silverthorne rented a shabby, \$100-a-month building, then sublet half of it. "Hell," snorted Joe, "I don't need a chrome-plated office. I was fetched up on salt-rising bread and black-eyed peas." He parked his planes in the open, repaired them in Honduran air force shops. Since TACA and SAHSA already had radio range and weather stations, Joe saw no reason to duplicate them. "I just turn on the radio and listen to their weather reports," he says blandly.

"You Gotta Take It." Nor was Joe hampered by the fact that his competitors owned most of the country's airstrips.



ANHSA'S SILVERTHORNE
He skimmed off the cream.

Under Honduran law, any private field may be used for government freight; Joe took care to have some government cargo aboard any of his planes landing on TACA or SAHSA strips. That way he could use them without even paying landing fees.

No matter how hard TACA and SAHSA fought for profitable official freight contracts, the bulk of government business gravitated to ANHSA. Officials of the rival lines found it harder & harder to ignore Joe and his flashy sport shirt, hand-painted pink necktie and high-heeled boots. Sneered Joe, who quit school in the third grade: "These guys are finding out that it takes more than a fancy education to run an airline." And if some Hondurans had begun to frown at his unabashed wildcatting methods, Joe did not care. "If you want what the world's got," he said last week, "you gotta take it. Nobody ever tried to give Joe Silverthorne a nickel."

CANADA

Chief's Choice

Many moons ago, when a tribe of Haida Indians was searching for a new camp site, a famed chief named Jumping Brook led the way to Kitimat, a coastal flatland in the rugged northwest portion of what is now British Columbia. Two aspects of the Kitimat site appealed to Chief Jumping Brook. It was near the sea (the Haidas built ocean-going canoes), and there was plenty of fresh water in the chain of lakes and rivers a short distance inland.

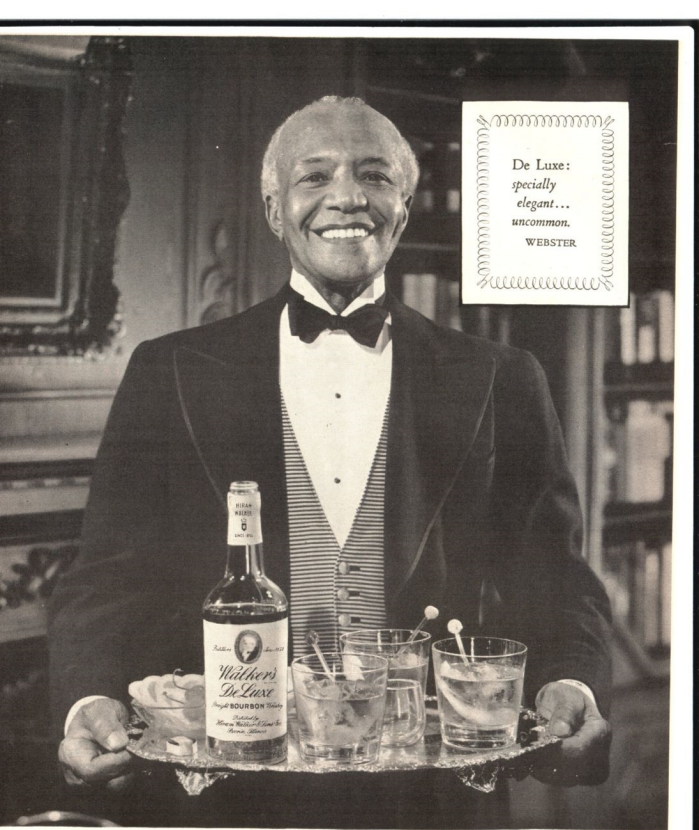
Last week, some 400 years after Jumping Brook's time, the Aluminum Co. of Canada, Ltd. followed the chief's reasoning in putting Kitimat at the center of a vast new West Coast industrial project. Alcan signed an agreement with the British Columbia government on water rights for a \$500 million power development and aluminum plant in the Kitimat area.

Market Needed. Kitimat's position will enable Alcan to bring in bauxite and other raw materials by sea, and to ship out the finished aluminum. The nearby network of lakes and rivers will be dammed to form a 500-sq.-mi. inland sea. Its waters will be drained off into two ten-mile tunnels through the mountains to produce an estimated 1,600,000 horsepower of cheap electricity for the Kitimat factory.

The agreement with British Columbia is only the first in a series of conditions that must be met before Alcan can get to work on the Kitimat plans. The agreement, under which the company will pay the province a fee (as yet undisclosed) for the water rights, still has to be approved by the B.C. legislature. And Alcan must also have some assurance of a steady market for the aluminum that Kitimat will produce. That market will depend mainly on the outcome of Washington negotiations (TIME, Dec. 25), in which Alcan hopes to get a U.S. defense order that will guarantee the sale of a big chunk of Kitimat's future output.

Power Wanted. Although it is already the world's biggest single aluminum producer, Alcan is strained to the limit to fill current orders from its big plants in Quebec's Saguenay Valley. Because of its cheap power supply, Alcan's prices are the world's lowest. The company's 1950 output of 378,000 tons was easily sold, and Britain has already contracted to buy nearly all the extra production the company can draw from its Quebec pot lines in the next three years. Said an Alcan official: "We're sold out unless we build some more powerhouses."

The Kitimat project will be the most ambitious undertaking Alcan has tackled in the 48 years since the company was established in Canada. It will take five years to complete and will require more capital than Alcan's current total assets of \$462 million. When finished, Kitimat will add 500,000 tons a year to Alcan's output.



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PEOPLE

To Have & Have Not

In Beverly Hills, Calif., Cinemactress **Jennifer Jones** and Producer **David O. Selznick**, who were married in July 1949, finally got around to taking inventory of their wedding presents. Then they hastily called the police to report the theft of a pair of covered silver dishes and a tray worth \$2,000, but had to admit they had no idea when the theft might have happened.

Oldtime Heavyweight Champion **James J. Jeffries** slapped a \$150,000 slander suit against two small-time promoters for advertising a bingo-type game called "Conflict" played in "Jeffries' Barn" on his Burbank, Calif. ranch. Such goings-on, 75-year-old Jim Jeffries charged, would hurt his "good name."

The Bank of America filed an involuntary petition in bankruptcy in Hollywood against Producer **Walter (Joan of Arc) Wanger**, after it tried and failed to collect a loan of \$178,476.43 advanced to help make *Reckless Moment*, a new picture starring **James Mason** and Wanger's wife, **Joan Bennett**.

Frances ("Peaches") Browning, 40, tabloid-touted child-bride of the '20s, got special mention in the will of her third husband, the late Joseph Civelli, San Francisco department-store executive, who left an estate of some \$50,000. Wrote Civelli in his will: "It is my specific intention . . . to disinherit her completely."

The Strenuous Life

A sober crowd of faithful followers made its way to Medicine Lodge, Kans. (pop. 2,290), to dedicate a brick and frame house as a W.C.T.U. memorial. It was the old home of **Carry Nation**, and furnished with her original bar-smashing



CARRY NATION
A sober dedication.

hatchet, the satchel in which she carried bricks to bash in saloon mirrors and glasses, her old rocking chair and desk, and a life-sized portrait of the woman who also once urged Britons to give up their intemperate habit of drinking tea.

In the charity ward of San Francisco Hospital last week a reporter found a wasted, melancholy man who had once tootled with the top jazz men in the land. Now, his money all spent, his liver almost gone from years of lost weekends, famed Hot Clarinetist "**Pee Wee**" **Russell** still had "a chance to live," the doctors said.

In a Manhattan court, Mrs. Evelyne R. Cronin, 58, onetime secretary-companion and maid to **Tallulah Bankhead**, was charged with stealing more than \$4,000 from her former employer by raising and



TALLULAH BANKHEAD
An angry rumble.

forging checks. The money was used, cried the defendant's lawyer, to buy things for Miss Bankhead—"Cocaine, marijuana, liquor, booze, whisky, champagne and sex." Retorted outraged lava-voiced Tallulah: "Of course I drink. But nobody has to kite checks to pay for my liquor." As for dope: "Even if I had been getting it—which I certainly wasn't—do you think I'd have been paying for it by check?" But what made Actress Bankhead angriest was the mention of sex. Rumbled she: "God knows I never have had to buy sex."

It was no gag, said the country's gag-writers, but a serious vote for the "ten top laugh provokers of the year." Among the winners: Vice President **Alben W. Barkley** (public life); **Jimmy Durante** (TV); **Ethel (Call Me Madam) Merman** (stage); **S. J. (Swiss Family Perelman) Perelman** (literature); and, in the field of funny, bumptious Manhattan Saloon-keeper **Bernard ("Toots") Shor**.



PEACHES BROWNING
A specific intention.

Friends announced that Siam's Massachusetts-born, music-writing **King Phumiphon**, 23, and **Queen Sirikit**, 18, were looking forward to a royal heir "in June or July."

In Manhattan on business, pert Perfume-Maker Mlle. **Gabrielle ("No. 5") Chanel**, sixtyish, had a tip for American women: "Age is no matter. You can be ravishing at 20, charming at 40, and irresistible the rest of your life."

The Wide-Open Spaces

In San Antonio, General **Jonathan M. ("Skinny") Wainwright** returned from a party to find that burglars had ransacked his house, dumped out desks and drawers, pried open the doors of a valuable gun collection, walked off with nothing more than two pairs of his white kid gloves.

Back on his ranch at Sonoita, near Tucson, former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's **Lewis Douglas**, boss of one cowhand, a string of horses and 400 head of cattle, felt well enough to take on a community job. Cattle-raising neighbors elected him chairman of their rainmaking committee, then hired a California rainmaker to help break the drought.

With his new Beverly Hills real-estate business a going concern, former Heavyweight Champ **Jack Dempsey** looked around for another investment, teamed up with Cinematographer **John (Sands of Two Jims) Wayne** and Crooning Cowboy **Gene Autry** for some wildcat oil drilling in New Mexico's San Juan Basin.

Arriving in Melbourne with her Aussie bridegroom, brilliant, brisk Author **Barbara (Policy for the West) Ward**, 36, a former governor of the British Broadcasting Corp., had a compliment of a kind for the country. Said she: "Australia is lucky to have no television. I hope you go a long time without television. Civilized people don't need it."

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and **MELCHIOR** Sounds Like Melchior



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NEW ZENITH COBRA-MATIC
with **PITCH** and **TEMPO** CONTROL!

HERE'S WHY—

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It's a little known fact, but all record players (including Zenith's prior to the Cobra-Matic) vary in turntable speed at time of manufacture and get worse as they grow older. A difference of only 1 R.P.M. (Revolution Per Minute) will make an LP (Long Playing 33 $\frac{1}{3}$) record sound sharp or flat by more than a quarter tone! And two brand new phonographs may differ by almost a full half-tone in pitch!

Only the NEW ZENITH COBRA-MATIC—of all automatic record players—enables you to play records at the exact speed to give perfect *pitch*, *tempo* and *timbre*. It plays not only the three standard speeds (33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45 and 78 R.P.M.) and the coming new speed of 16 R.P.M., but also ALL intermediate speeds—thousands of them—between 10 and 85! Now, even your cherished old time Gold Seals, Columbias, Victor's, Brunswicks, that were recorded at different speeds, can be played with perfect pitch, tempo and timbre that give them new total quality!

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El Prado... fashionable... fabulous

caribbean

● Like Los Angeles or Detroit, Havana has lebensraum. From El Prado, Havana's fabulous Fifth Avenue where a wide, tree lined promenade splits the avenue for its length of fashionable blocks, to the city limits in any direction, landward, is a good hour's drive.

With room to spread, Havana has little need for skyscrapers preferring to preserve its old world charm by modernizing interiors and periodically restoring the facades of the centuries-old rock coral buildings. A notable exception is the towering, modern Bacardi Building with its impressive black marble front. Designed by Castells of Havana, this monument to the omnipotent Latin-American familia Bacardi—rises like an anachronistic portent of the future above Havana's romantic skyline.

From a hand carved mahogany and white marble office on the second floor of the Bacardi Building an impeccably groomed, urbane Bacardi executive directs the affairs, for the western half of the island, of one of the family's important interests, Ron Bacardi. In his middle fifties, aptly named Urbano Real reduces the thousand and one details of his business day to a thousand and one meticulously hand-written directives which he files in a box for his efficient, bi-lingual secretary who presumably does them out like letters from home to Urbano's hand picked lieutenants.

Oddly enough, Senior Real's biggest "dolor de cabeza" is substitution, the same headache that plagues all Bacardi sales directors the world over. In Havana's tourist-trap cafes it is all too easy for catch-penny owners to mask cheap, raw rum with lime juice when a Bacardi Cocktail is ordered. Many unwary tourists return to their ships carrying handy Bacardi cardboard containers only supposedly packed with bottles of Bacardi.

Urbano Real contends, with justification, that if all the Bacardi bought were sold, Victor and Danielito and other Bacardi men in far off Santiago at the eastern tip of the island would have to double the size of their mammoth distillery. —BY DON TAYLOR

THIS IS A **BACARDI** ADVERTISEMENT

"For the Duration"

In its 43 years of football, little (enrollment: 695) St. Mary's College in Moraga, Calif. has had more than its share of top-notch teams. But last season's record was discouraging: seven losses in ten games, and a deficit of about \$75,000. Moreover, school officials foresaw a deep cut in enrollments, due to enlistments and the draft. Last week St. Mary's announced the suspension of the game "for the duration of the national emergency." It was the first U.S. college to make such a decision.

ers may not actually hate Bee, one of his stars recently "quit" the team because "we just couldn't get along." Bee had him back, hard at work, two days later.

How Often? Last week L.I.U., characteristically scoring in spurts, breezed past a strong Bowling Green team, 69-63, for its ninth straight this season. Tall (6 ft. 7 in.), deadeyed Forward Sherman White poured in 24 points for the L.I.U. Blackbirds to boost his three-year point production to 1,053. Long-legged Sophomore Center Ray Felix (6 ft. 11 in.) tapped in ten more L.I.U. points before



COACH BEE & BLACKBIRDS[®]
He has a milk-fed trophy.

L.I.U.'s Buzzer

Clair Bee is a 50-year-old dynamo with more jobs than most men tackle in a lifetime. In addition to being athletic director and assistant to the president of Long Island University (enrollment: 4,200), busy Bee writes a regular column for the New York *Journal-American*, manages a productive upstate New York farm, and also turns out magazine articles and books of fact & fiction for children (twelve published). These activities are just Bee's sidelines. His main job: basketball coach of L.I.U., the team with the best early-season record in the East.

Bee's passion for work started when he was orphaned at nine and had to make his own way through high school and college (Ohio State, Wayneburg, Rider and Rutgers), where he earned five degrees (B.S., A.B., B.C.S., M.C.S. and M.A.) and played football, basketball and baseball. This unrelenting will to work shows up in Bee's coaching. "I work my players harder [three hours a day] than any other coach in the business," Bee says proudly. "I work 'em, bawl 'em out, browbeat 'em . . . and they hate me." Though his play-

he fouled out. These two lanky Negroes are Bee's main scoring threats, but because opposing teams concentrate their defense against them, Bee's other sharpshooters also get plenty of scoring chances. Says hard-to-please Clair Bee, who knows that 30% is a good basketball shooting average: "I expect my boys to hit the basket on 40% of all shots."

The victory over Bowling Green was L.I.U.'s 363rd (against 75 defeats) since Clair Bee buzzed into the scene 18 years ago. Included in his coaching record are two national championships (1939 and 1941) and 135 consecutive home-court victories.

How Much? As one trophy of his pace, Bee now nurses a permanent batch of milk-fed ulcers. But nothing in the world, he likes to think, could persuade him to slow down or give up one of his jobs. He gets too much satisfaction out of his multiple roles.

What was the biggest satisfaction he ever got out of the job as assistant to

* Kneeling: Leroy Smith, Harold Uplinger, Adolph Bigos, Don Ackerman, Coach Bee. Standing: Al Rogers, Ray Felix, Sherman White.



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...drive it as your own

To get more done in less time... depend on Hertz!

IT COSTS SO LITTLE... For example, at the Hertz station in Springfield, Ill., 409 E. Jackson, the week-day rate is \$5.00 per 10 hours, plus 8¢ per mile, including gas, oil and insurance. Thus, the total cost for a 30-mile trip is only \$7.40, regardless of how many miles. Rates lower by the week.

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PRIVATE CAR PLEASURE... You drive a new Chevrolet or other fine car in splendid condition and as private as your own. Rent day or night, for an hour, a day, a week, or as long as you wish.

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car for use locally... or will gladly reserve a car for you at the Hertz station in any other city. If you know the Hertz address in your destination city, write, wire or phone your reservation direct. If there is no Hertz station in your town, request your Hertz reservation through the Hertz Rail-Auto or Plane-Auto Travel Plan at the railroad or airline reservation office or your travel agency. Insist on Hertz service.

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Fine-body secret. When Uncle Sam's nutrition experts looked at the amazing growth figures for the present generation of Americans ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch taller, 10 pounds heavier), they were not amazed.

They had known in advance that we would be bigger, stronger, finer-looking because America has discovered protein, the key body-builder. From protein comes growth, muscles, flesh, and staying power.



Better-Looking Than Mother
Thanks to the key body-builder, protein

Now a "protein" cereal. Out of the food laboratory that is the Kellogg plant in Battle Creek has come a new cereal—Corn-Soya. No other well-known cereal, hot or cold, is so rich in body-building protein.

The fact that there now is a popular, taste-appealing cereal, rich in protein, is of high significance to nutritionists. For breakfast is the one meal where many Americans are still not getting their necessary protein requirements. One bowl of Kellogg's Corn-Soya with 4 ounces of milk or cream supplies the following percentage of the day's protein needs:

Average Man (154 lbs.)	13.36%
Average Woman (123 lbs.)	15.58%
Child (78 lbs.—10 to 12 yrs.)	13.36%
Child (58 lbs.—7 to 9 yrs.)	15.58%



More Body-Building Protein
than any other well-known cereal, hot or cold

If the bodies of future generations are still bigger, stronger and better-looking (as science says they probably will be) protein-rich foods like Kellogg's Corn-Soya, the new protein cereal that "helps you have a fine body," can share in the credit.

Kellogg's CORN SOYA

New Protein Cereal that
helps you have a fine body

L.I.U.'s President Tristram W. Metcalfe? That was the day in 1946, says Bee, when Metcalfe was away, and Bee, as his assistant, had to answer a letter from the University of Kentucky. Somebody at Kentucky wanted to know what, in the light of L.I.U.'s experience with basketball coaches, they ought to offer to pay Coach Adolph Rupp. Bee answered that at L.I.U. the basketball coach considers his job just a labor of love—and doesn't care about money.

There is a grain of truth to that. Bee has no idea how much L.I.U. pays him for coaching. In the course of a year, he collects about \$20,000, for being Clair Bee.

"A Better Crew"

U.S. rowing crews have run away with so many international regattas (including the last six Olympics) that Americans take such superiority for granted. Last week, in an international meet in Christchurch, N.Z., a husky bunch of Australians gave the rowing world something to think about.

In a dual race with the visiting Bears of the University of California,* the Aussies entered a pickup crew chosen only two months ago (after trials among Australia's best young rowers). In the first 2,000-yd. race on Christchurch's Avon River, the Aussies won by three-quarters of a length. Next day, to show it was no fluke, the Aussies won by a full length. In a third race, this time on the choppy waters of nearby Akaroa Harbor, they did it again.

While California may not have been at regular-season form, the Bears offered no excuses. Said Coach Ky Ebright: "We were beaten by a better crew."

Opinion of Weight

Which two-year-old of 1950 is most likely to succeed as a three-year-old? This week, announcing weights for next spring's Experimental Free Handicap, Jockey Club Handicapper John B. Campbell gave his weighty opinion. At the top of Campbell's list (with 126 lbs.) stood Pennsylvania-bred Uncle Miltie,† winner of the Champagne and Wakefield Stakes. Other top weights: Belmont Futurity Winner Battlefield and Pimlico Futurity Winner Big Stretch (each 124 lbs.), To Market (121 lbs.), Battle Morn (120 lbs.).

Who Won

¶ In Detroit, a somewhat sharper and slimmer (down to 210 lbs.) Joe Louis over slow-footed Freddie Besore, by a technical knockout in the fourth.

¶ In Manhattan, Columbia University's basketball team over Cornell, in a rout, 85 to 45, for Columbia's eighth straight this season, Cornell's first defeat in ten games.

¶ In Los Angeles, Lloyd Mangrum over the field in the Los Angeles Open, with a four-under-par 280.

* California crews won for the U.S. in the 1928, 1932 and 1948 Olympics.

† Named for TV Comedian Milton Berle.

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Here is a gourmet's soup... to evoke memories of France. Try it! Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

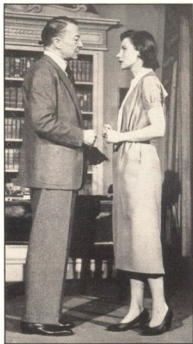
HORMEL ONION SOUP



THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Second Threshold (by Philip Barry, with revisions by Robert E. Sherwood) was left not quite finished at Playwright Barry's death a year ago. The play itself is overcast with thoughts of death. It portrays the soul sickness of a distinguished public figure who has paid too heavily, in inner hardness and human loss, for the world's prizes. Even between him and the daughter he loves there is a gulf, now widened by her engagement to another such aging man of distinction as himself. Numb and parched, Josiah Bolton (Clive Brook) casts about for an unobtrusive way to die.



Fred Fehl

CLIVE BROOK & MARGARET PHILLIPS
Inside the worldling, the Puritan.

But in time his daughter (Margaret Phillips) makes him feel her need of him.

Much of *Second Threshold* is written with Philip Barry's accustomed smoothness, his light talk glancing through the latticework of his troubled tale. The underlying theme is not new to Barry: more than once he pierced to the Puritan inside the worldling, the hair shirt beneath the dinner jacket. Barry was rather fascinated by the guilt that wouldn't come off the gingerbread. But in *Second Threshold* too much is not explained: Barry never really comes to grips with Bolton, nor Bolton with himself. And the play fishes in waters too dark to hook so flabby a solution.

The production is far from happy. Even its most talented performers fall short of themselves: Clive Brook's sufferings are too mannered, and Margaret Phillips, in a Katharine Hepburn-ish role, seems decidedly miscast.

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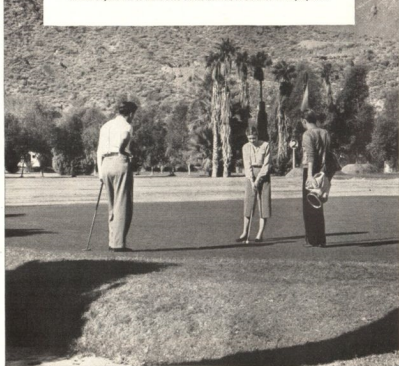
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MEDICINE

Too Much to Bear

Just after Christmas, thin, black-haired Mrs. Montell Purcell saw something which made her turn cold: her pigtailed, four-year-old daughter Carolyn Joan was holding toys close to her face as she played in the Purcells' dingy little house at Alpharetta (pop. 647), Ga. Smiling, the child explained why: it was the only way she could see them.

Mrs. Purcell and her husband Frank, an unemployed stone mason, hurried Carolyn Joan to a doctor. But the mother could not bring herself to believe the dreadful medical alternatives: the child would have to lose both eyes, or die. Mrs. Purcell's first baby had died "sudden like" in 1937, and it seemed impossible that God could permit such cruelty twice. She took her daughter home, put her to bed, and sat up beside her, night after night, waiting for her to get better.

But Carolyn Joan's eyesight got steadily worse. Last week the Purcells brought the little girl to Atlanta's Grady Memorial Hospital, to seek hope from a team of four specialists. After sending Carolyn Joan to play in the hospital corridor, the specialists confirmed the original diagnosis. The little girl had retino-blastoma, a cancer of the eyes. The doctors urged the parents to let them remove both eyes immediately.

Frank Purcell was willing. But his wife, who seemed on the verge of hysteria, could not bring herself to consent. "It looks like it's more than I can bear," she said, absently wiping away tears. "I don't

know. I don't know. I've got to leave it to the Lord."

At week's end, a group of Atlanta Masons arranged for Carolyn Joan to be flown to the famed Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., for further examination.

Eye Madness

From all over India's province of Bihar and across the border from Nepal, the blind and the nearly blind arrived on foot, by oxcart and crowded railway car. They had come for the seventh annual eye clinic at the town of Darbhanga (pop. 69,203). Some sang and some prayed as a troop of Boy Scouts, led by a betel-nut-chewing Scoutmaster with a voice like a sideshow barker's, herded them in & out of 20 weather-beaten tents that formed a temporary hospital. Their hospital beds were pallets of straw; their only covering was the dirty robes they wore. But within a week of their arrival, the most energetic surgeon in India had examined each of them and removed exactly 1,565 cataracts from their failing eyes.

Every 40 Seconds. "It's a kind of madness with me, this removing cataracts," said grizzled Dr. Mathra Dass Pahwa, 71, last week. But it was a madness full of method. Local doctors believe that cataracts and other eye troubles are commoner in the Bihar area than anywhere on earth. Just out of medical school in Lahore back in 1902, Dr. Dass determined to do something about it. His first eye operation, he remembers, was "terrible." But in three years, he had improved considerably. "I spent my own money sending people out



CAROLYN JOAN PURCELL & MOTHER
Night after night . . .

to villages to bring me cataract patients," he recalls. "I even paid the patients to come to me." In time, Dr. Dass's eye clinics had become famous all over India. By last week he had removed more than 200,000 cataracts.

Dust floated thickly in the air of the canvas tent that was Dr. Dass's operating theater in Darbhanga last week. Amid a raucous babble of several hundred patients, squatting on their haunches to await their turns at one of the makeshift operating tables, sweating coolies carried off postoperative patients at the rate of one a minute. As each new patient was placed on the table, an assistant washed the clouded eye with a mercury solution and applied a few drops of anesthetic. Then, while another assistant held a flashlight, the surgeon slipped his knife into the patient's eyeball at the exact junction of the transparent cornea and the white sclera. With a snip of his scissors, he cut out a tiny section of the iris. Then, with a deft motion, he flipped out the cataract-clouded lens. One of the assistants slapped a wad soaked with boric acid on the eye, tied a bandage in place, and the operation was over. Average time: 40 seconds.

Miracle Enough. Using this rapid technique, Dr. Dass officiates at an average of 15 eye clinics throughout India every year. Free to the patients, the clinics are paid for by local institutions and public-spirited citizens. At the end of two weeks' care in the tent-hospitals, his patients get a pair of thick eyeglasses to replace their natural lenses, and are sent home. Each patient also gets a questionnaire to fill out and send in later for the doctor's records, but few bother.

"These people are illiterate," said Dr. Dass, as he prepared to go home and rest over the weekend for his next clinic. "If they can have enough sight to go about their work, it is miracle enough for them. That is all I try to give them."



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EDUCATION

Confirmation

Last week a survey by the Bureau of Labor Statistics confirmed what a lot of college professors have known all along: scientists in private industry and government get more pay than those on college and university faculties. Reported the bureau, after a study of some 28,000 Ph.D.s listed in the biographical directory *American Men of Science*: the median faculty salary is \$4,860 a year, compared with \$7,070 in industry, \$6,280 in government.

From A to Zygote

It was a formidable gift that His Britannic Majesty's ambassador brought to His Imperial Majesty, the Shah of Persia, that day in 1804. The ambassador had carried it over thousands of miles, from England, around the Cape of Good Hope, and up the Persian Gulf to Teheran. But the gift was apparently worth the bother. The Shah was so delighted with it that he gave himself a new title in its honor: "Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Actually, by the time the Shah got his set, there were already hundreds of lords & masters of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (including George III and George Washington*), and since then, hundreds of thousands more have been added. Sets have found their way into cottages and castles, to Little America with Admiral Byrd, to Labrador with Sir Wilfred Grenfell, to homes, schools and libraries all over the world. In its 182 years, "EB" has become almost a synonym for knowledge, a roving storehouse of facts that anyone can go to, and that can speak with authority on almost any subject, from A to Zygote, that mankind has ever thought of.

Asses' Milk. Last week, at its headquarters in Chicago's Civic Opera Building, EB was getting ready to celebrate a milestone in its history: its 50th year under U.S. ownership. Meanwhile, the 1951 printing (prices: \$239.95 & up) had just gone to press, with 38 million words, 17,600 illustrations, and 41,200 articles from 4,660 contributors. But in spite of all this, EB's editorial board could hardly pause for breath. "You may be just about completed with 1951," says Editor Walter Yust of his job. "But then you've already started on 1952 and have to begin to think about '53 and '54. There's no relief of finishing..."

For EB itself, there has never been any relief of finishing. Its first edition appeared in 1768 in Edinburgh: three volumes put out by a "society of gentlemen." To these gentlemen, California was "a large country of the West Indies," a toothache could be cured by "laxatives of manna and cassia dissolved in asses' milk," and tobacco could dry up the brain to "a little black lump." Later, as knowledge grew and changed, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* had to grow and change with it.

* Who owned a pirated third edition, published in Philadelphia.

By the fifth edition, the editors could talk about the Rosetta stone; by the eighth, about anesthesia; by the tenth, about appendicitis. As it added subjects, EB also added writers, and such notables as Sir Walter Scott on chivalry and Lord Macaulay on Samuel Johnson were among its authors. Gradually, U.S. scholars also began to contribute (the first, in the 1850s: onetime President Edward Everett of Harvard). As U.S. sales increased, Americans began to take a hand in the editing too. Finally, in 1901, two high-powered Americans, Horace E. Hooper and Walter M. Jackson, bought out EB entirely.

No Mail Order. Today, EB is one of the most prosperous properties (\$8,000,000 net in royalty revenues since 1943) of



Wide World

EDITOR YUST

"There's no relief of finishing..."

the University of Chicago. It became such seven years ago, when ex-Adm William Benton, now Democratic Senator from Connecticut, maneuvered its transfer from Sears, Roebuck & Co. ("Do you think it appropriate that a mail-order house should own the encyclopaedia?" he had asked). Benton still heads EB's board of directors, while Chicago's retiring Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins still presides over its board of editors. The top editing job belongs to wily Editor Walter Yust.

A onetime literary editor on the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, Walter Yust, 56, is used to deadlines, and his deadlines never stop coming. Every year, he puts out a whole new printing of the *Britannica*. He must decide which articles he thinks need rewriting, and what new subjects need be added.

Once he has decided, he submits his ideas to a permanent set of advisers on any of four university campuses—Chicago, Oxford, Cambridge and London. His

advisers in turn recommend a top authority to write the piece Yust wants—at EB's traditional 2¢ a word.

For each new printing, anywhere from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 words have to be written. Some articles can become obsolete almost overnight (e.g., as late as 1946, EB said that uranium's "chief use is in the ceramic industry"). Other articles merely need touching up. But every article is reexamined at least once a decade.

Over the years, EB has assembled a formidable array of authors. Lord Macaulay is still there with his article on Sam Johnson; so is Poet Algernon Charles Swinburne, with his piece on Mary, Queen of Scots. Einstein has written on space-time, and H. L. Mencken on Americanism; Shaw wrote on socialism, Trotsky on Lenin. But Editor Yust sometimes travels far from the world of doctorates and Nobel Prizes. For his expert on nightclubs, he picked the Stork Club's Sherman Billingsley; for boxing, Gene Tunney; for rodeo, Cowboy "Foghorn" Clancy.

EB offers its readers more than a mere 24 volumes of knowledge. Any owner of a set is entitled to ask EB any 50 questions in ten years that he cares to, and readers send in queries at the rate of 35,000 a year—from "Who is the Unknown Soldier?" to "What color was Eve's hair?" Some readers also like to try to catch EB in error, but relatively few have done so in Walter Yust's 20 years. With some of the world's top experts on call, and with the constant revision that leaves "no relief of finishing," Editor Yust believes EB to be the most accurate storehouse of facts in the world. "I won't believe we're wrong," says he, "until you really prove it to me. You get that way here."

Ivy & Jets

At Princeton, the graceful ivy of the liberal arts grows as green as at any school in the land. But the ivy has not blinded Princeton to the importance of such rough & tumble subjects as aerodynamics and supersonics. Since World War II, somewhat to the distress of oldtimers in sedate and leafy Princeton, N.J., the university has been busy with basic research in such noisy things as rockets and ram-jet engines for military aircraft. This week, with the U.S. defense effort in mind, Princeton proudly announced that it was plunging even deeper into the raucous physical sciences.

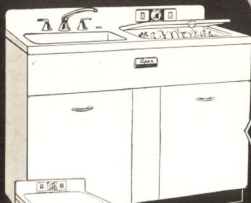
Said President Harold W. Dodds: at a cost to Princeton of about \$1,500,000, the university is taking over the 800-acre nearby property of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (which has moved out) to expand its work in "helicopter research, flight control, supersonics and rocket development, chemical kinetics, metallurgy and other sciences." Name of the university's newest division (in honor of the first Secretary of Defense, a Princeton man of the class of '15): the James Forrestal Research Center.

Princeton promised to be less quiet than ever, but oldtimers had one consolation: the ram-jets would now be two miles away, on the far side of Lake Carnegie.

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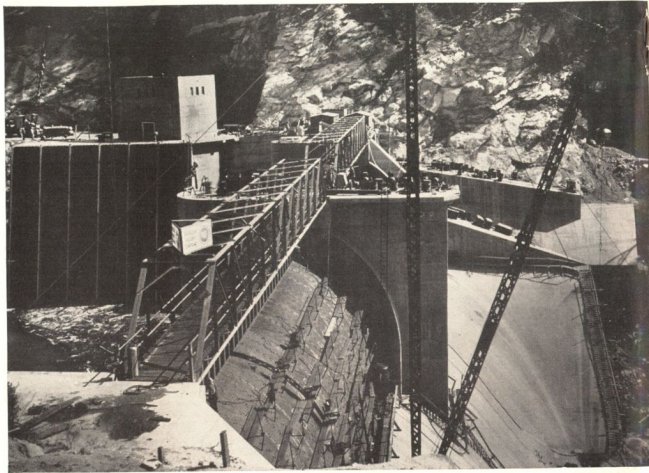
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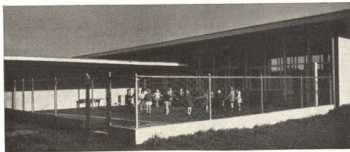
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ACTION IN CALIFORNIA. On the north fork of the Feather River in California, Pacific Gas and Electric Company has placed two new dams . . . Cresta Dam and Rock Creek Dam. The huge drum gates for these dams, and the bridges directly above them, required 4,380,000 pounds of steel. They were fabricated and erected by United States Steel.

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FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

American steel mills can out-produce the rest of the world combined by 13 million tons of steel a year. The plants of United States Steel alone are pouring more steel than all the Communist nations put together.



NEW LIGHT ASSAULT TRANSPORT. Six rocket units help to lift the 40,000-pound weight of this new U. S. Air Force light assault transport in a recent test flight. With the addition of rocket units, the three-engine plane can now transport heavy loads in and out of small clearings. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Ladies' Night

First there was a long eulogy of George Bernard Shaw, then a passage from Euripides, finally a leisurely talk with Guest Pamela Brown (the leading woman of Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*) about a ghost in London's Drury Lane Theater. With these ingredients, and a background of German lieder played on a guitar, Actress Lilli Palmer (currently starring with husband Rex Harrison in Broadway's *Bell, Book and Candle*) last week began a new TV show over Manhattan's station WCBS-TV (Thurs. 6:45 p.m.).

In joining the bevy of women who are gradually taking over television by night as well as by day, German-born Lilli Palmer, 29, broke most of the rules laid down by TV's other success girls. Vivacious, pun-popping Arlene Francis, with her *Elind Date*, exploits the callow con-

versions of college boys and tittering models. Plump, pretty Eloise McElhone employs the standard feminine TV equipment of an indefatigable smile, a capacity for continual astonishment ("Is that so?" "You don't say!"), and the ability to talk endlessly about nothing. Willowy, fashion-plated Maggi McNellis, with *Leave It to the Girls*, represents the loftiest intellectual flights previously achieved by TV women; Maggi's show features a panel of four intimidating ladies in low bodices, who alternate between badgering a male guest and solving such deep questions as "Can a romance that is dead be revived?" Newcomer Palmer, in crediting her audience with enough intelligence to understand dialogue above comic-book level, was challenging a brand of entertainment that TV men had thought just wonderful.

Lilli Palmer also blazed a new trail by wearing an evening dress that modestly

covered her neck, shoulders and bosom. This was a precedent-shattering break from the tradition established by such rivals as Faye Emerson (known as "the girl who put the V in TV") and blonde Actress Eva Gabor who, last week, unquestionably won the neckline sweepstakes by assembling on her show her entire décolleté family (pretty sisters Magda and Sari, mother Jolie) in a memorable display of dazzling shoulders and Hungarian accents.

At week's end, Lilli Palmer's gamble on decorum and literacy seemed to be paying off. The New York Times found her 15-minute show "completely beguiling" and Sponsor Pond's was hurriedly lining up other stations to put her show on the CBS network. Lilli, claiming to be "so relieved," admitted: "I was terrified I was just going to be another chattering dame on television."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 12. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Heavyweight Championship Fight (Fri. 10 p.m., ABC). Ezzard Charles v. Lee Oma.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Il Trovatore*.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). *Hamlet*, discussed by Lyman Bryson and Louis Kronenberger.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Pianist Guiomar Novaes.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Trilby*, with Rex Harrison and Teresa Wright.

Hollywood Star Playhouse (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Joan Crawford in *Statement in Full*.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *The Farmer's Daughter*, with Loretta Young and Joseph Cotten.

Cavalcade of America (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). John Hodiak in *There Stands Jackson!*

Family Theater (Wed. 9:30 p.m., Mutual). Jack Benny in *The Golden Touch*.

Screen Directors' Playhouse (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Rosalind Russell in *Take a Letter, Darling*.

TELEVISION

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse (Fri. 9 p.m., ABC). *Ned McCobb's Daughter*, with Miriam Hopkins and Anthony Quinn.

Bigelow Theater (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS). *Rewrite for Love*, with Wanda Hendrix.

Showtime . . . U.S.A. (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Scene from *The Royal Family*, with Ruth Hussey, Ethel Griffies and John Emery.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Jerry Lester and Dagmar.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina*.

Family Playhouse (Tues. 8 p.m., CBS). Gertrude Lawrence and Donald Cook in *Skylark*.

Airflyte Theater (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Joan Blondell in *Pot O'Gold*.



FAYE EMERSON

International



LILLI PALMER

Camera Associates



MAGGI MCNELNIS

Mortheo Holmes—LIFE



EVA GABOR

Acme

Most of the rules were broken.



Wire Building in Washington, D. C. uses Thermopane from sill to ceiling for general office space. Alvin L. Aubinoe of Washington was the architect.



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regular $\frac{1}{4}$ " plate glass, according to Dr. Paul H. Geiger, University of Michigan.

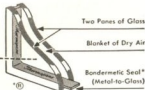
All these advantages are measurable and fairly easy to translate into dollars saved. But the many and great intangible benefits of large windows should not be overlooked. People like sunshine and a view. You can get a lot more people into a small space—happily—if the windows are large. *Thermopane* can pay its own way, just considered as an economical wall material, but you really have to look beyond economy when you evaluate it. Look into the value of *Thermopane* in employe relations. For a full understanding of the economy of *Thermopane*, write for literature. Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, 4011 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio. *



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Exit

After 18 years of invasion and revolution and a year of Communist domination, there are still an estimated 1,000 Protestant and 5,000 Roman Catholic foreign missionary workers in China. But now that the Communist government has rung down the Bamboo Curtain on U.S. activities in China (TIME, Jan. 8), many of the sowers must leave the seed to grow or wither without their care.

From Hong Kong last week came reports that Chinese Communist measures against foreigners were forcing large groups of Protestant missionaries to leave the country. Meanwhile, Peking Radio announced that a new "independent" church was being set up for "Chinese Catholics who love their country."

The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, said Home Secretary Dr. Jesse Wilson, had not ordered its 24 remaining missionaries in China to return, but was "advising" them that the time had come. Said he: "Our guess is that they are going to act on the suggestion." Said Dr. Lloyd Ruland, China Secretary for the Foreign Missions Board of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A.: "Though we haven't actually proposed it, we expect fully half of our remaining missionaries to be out of China by the end of February." Both the Episcopal and Congregational Churches have called for a withdrawal.

As a group, the priests, lay brothers and nuns of the Roman Catholic Church seemed to be sticking it out, despite an estimated loss of at least 85 priests killed in China and Korea during the past 2½ years.

Last week the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, better known as the Maryknoll Fathers, issued a statement: "At the present moment, Communist prisons hold two Maryknoll bishops, seven Maryknoll priests, one Maryknoll brother, three Maryknoll sisters, and four Chinese priests from Maryknoll dioceses. Scores of others are under house arrest. Still others have been evicted from their missions. . . .

"At the present time, Maryknoll has over 140 American priests, brothers and sisters in South China, the largest single group of Americans. In accordance with directives given by the Holy See, Maryknollers are remaining at their posts as long as they can. . . ."

New Hats

Rome buzzed last week with rumors of red hats. Since the last cardinals were created in 1946, death has reduced the roster of the College of Cardinals from its full 70 to only 52. Pope Pius XII, it was said, would soon call a consistory to restore the depleted ranks. Though the Pope would not necessarily create 18 new princes of the church, Vatican insiders rated a few outstanding Roman Catholic prelates as sure bets. Among them:

¶ Boston's strapping, prow-jawed Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, 55, Boston-

born blacksmith's son, whose able leadership of his 1,300,000-member flock has made him one of the best known members of the U.S. hierarchy.

¶ Montreal's tactful, liberal-minded Archbishop Paul-Emile Léger, 46, onetime head of the Canadian Pontifical College in Rome, who was raised to the archbishopric only last year.

¶ Ireland's Primate, John D'Alton, 68, Archbishop of Armagh.

¶ Vatican Prelates Celso Costantini of Propaganda Fide, Alfredo Ottaviani of the Holy Office, and Valerio Valeri of the State Secretariat.

More speculative was the question of what the Pope would do about the lands behind the Iron Curtain, where two cardinals have died (Poland's Hlond in 1948 and Berlin's von Preysing last month), and many a prominent priest and prelate has been imprisoned (e.g., Hungary's Cardinal Mindszenty, Yugoslavia's Archbishop Stepinac).

There were also rumors of the creation of the first Negro cardinal in modern church history. Roman Catholics in Africa, according to Vatican records, have increased 400% during the past 30 years to a present total of more than 10 million, are served by three archbishops, 13 bishops and 117 vicars apostolic (including two Negroes).

The Holy Fool

By most standards, Simone Weil was an absurd and unattractive woman. Almost constantly ailing, painfully humorless and so intense she was either irritating or ridiculous, she agonized through a short life of 34 years and died in 1943 in a gesture that seemed to typify her gift for futile heroics. She virtually starved herself to death in England by refusing, though she



ARCHBISHOP CUSHING
Sure bets and speculations.



SIMONE WEIL

Self-dedication and lugubriousness.

was weak and ill, to eat more than the ration ration for her native France.

Her death left no particular gap—even among French intellectuals—because she had never seemed to belong anywhere. As a Jew she denounced everything Jewish; as a Christian she shrank from joining a church; as a political worker she had no faith in politics; as a revolutionary fighter she deplored reliance on force. Yet today Simone Weil is looked upon by an increasing audience as one of the outstanding religious figures of her time.* In the current issue of the Jewish monthly, *Commentary*, is a penetrating study of the "Saint of the Absurd" by Leslie A. Fiedler, associate professor of humanities at the University of Montana.

Baffled Love. Simone Weil's whole life, writes Fiedler, was a series of acts of self-dedication that fizzled into lugubriousness. As a young schoolteacher she rushed into left-wing movements and marched in picket lines, but the authorities refused to take her seriously enough to fire her. In order to "understand" the workman, she took a job as a factory hand in an automobile plant (a decision "fundamentally silly, the illusion of the Vassar girl of all lands," says Fiedler), where she suffered not as a worker but as an intellectual, and ended up by getting pleurisy and having to quit. She enlisted with the Spanish Loyalists ("vowing all the while never to learn to use the gun she was given"), but scalded herself seriously with some boiling water and was rescued from a field hospital by her parents, "whose baffled but stubborn love was always coming between her and the denouement of agony to which she aspired."

She was continually involving herself in politics, but, says Fiedler, "unlike true

political or social thinkers, she is never concerned with the *solution* to war or poverty, but always with their *use*. She fears more than anything the proffered hope, utopian or 'practical,' which diverts the attention of the workers toward the future, toward consolation; the politics of redemption is, like any false religion, an opiate . . ."

Final Despair. "Agony," Simone Weil once said, "is the supreme 'dark night' which even the perfect need to attain absolute purity; and to attain that end, it has to be bitter agony." Writes Professor Fiedler: "This is a difficult doctrine in all times and places, and it is especially alien and abhorrent in present-day America where anguish is regarded as vaguely un-American, something to be grown out of, or analyzed away, even expunged by censorship; and where certainly we do not look to our churches to preach the uses of affliction. It is consolation, 'peace of mind,' 'peace of soul,' that our religions offer on the competitive market place; the means are different, the pew versus the analyst's couch or the newest bestseller, but the product promised is always the same: adjustment, the opposite of agony."

" . . . To Simone Weil [Jesus' cry of despair from the cross] is more precious than the Beatitudes. 'The extreme greatness of Christianity lies in its not seeking a supernatural remedy for suffering . . .' she has said, and we remember that this was once, with perhaps more right, the boast of Judaism, before we swapped Job for Joshua Loth Liebman and the Prophets for 'community service.' Indeed, Simone Weil insists, his ability to suffer gives to man a superiority over God that would have been a cosmic scandal except for the 'incarnation.'"

Misery, according to Simone Weil, has the virtue of stripping the individual of the comforts and security which insulate him from God's grace. Atheists, through their unhappiness, may paradoxically be nearer spiritual reality than smugly contented believers. "Between two men who have no experience of God," she once wrote, "he who denies Him is perhaps closer to Him."

Terrible Purity. Simone Weil, Professor Fiedler writes, "desired desperately to be able to enter the [Roman Catholic] Church," but could never quite bring herself to do it. She is said to have helped convert others, however. A monk once told her: "You are like the church bell which calls others into the church, but itself must remain outside."

Though she excoriated all the Jewish elements in Christianity in favor of the Greek, Fiedler finds her "note of zeal, the willingness to scream, to be ridiculous, to offend the standards of decorum and good taste" make her "like Christianity in general, less Greek than Jew." She is in the tradition of "the prophet Hosea, the holy fool who married the harlot he had bought in the market place and called his son 'Ye-are-not-my-people!'" The absurdity, the absolutism, the incandescence of the prophets survive in Simone Weil, and for all her blemishes, their terrible purity."



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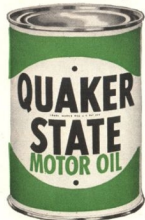
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* Even though she is known in the U.S. chiefly for a few long essays, e.g., *The Iliad*, or the Poem of Force (TIME, Dec. 17, 1945).



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THE PRESS

The Long Count

In the fierce propaganda war between the Cominform and Tito, a Yugoslav newspaper last week found a new way to laugh at Soviet Russia. Zagreb's *Naprijed* took a look at a recent issue of *Pravda*, and reported that Stalin's name had appeared on Page One a total of 101 times. In addition to Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin or Comrade Stalin (68 times), he was the "great leader" (ten times), "dear and beloved Stalin" (seven times) and "great Stalin" (six times). Other variations: "great leader of entire mankind," "Stalin the genius," "protagonist of our victories," "faithful fighter for the cause of peace."

Misfire

In her Washington *Times-Herald*, 29-year-old Editor Ruth Miller has faithfully echoed her Uncle Robert R. McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* blasts against the "slaughter" in Korea. Last week "Bazy" Miller fired a broadside all her own. Across two columns of Page One, she presented a letter from an anonymous "soldier-husband" to his wife that told a chilling story of the "horror that was the Hungnam evacuation—the American Dunkirk."

"I've been through hell—total bloody hell," said the letter. "Landed at [Pusan] half frozen from two days on open decks—no food but hot water to drink. Eleven hundred men . . . on a Victory ship—300 wounded—19 dead when we arrived . . . I was on the last ten ships to leave Hungnam . . . We left 300 on the beaches—mostly dying—why? . . . We waded in icy sea water to our hips to get into ships—men floating all around like fish with bleeding holes . . . It's something so disastrous—and now we are in the line again . . ."

A Question of Ethics. When Secretary of Defense George Marshall read the letter, he promptly asked General MacArthur's headquarters to check the letter's "facts." Next day, Tokyo's reply was posted on the Pentagon newsroom's bulletin board:

"Statements in the *Times-Herald* letter are absolutely false . . . No men were left on the beaches; and none died of battle injuries among the last ten ships between Hungnam and Pusan. No men waded to ships.* Final 150 troops were lifted from beach by LVTs. There was no fighting on beachhead or nearby departing ships on final day. Troops on last ten ships . . . have not been recommended to front lines . . . Strongly recommend take exception to ethics employed by editor of newspaper in publicizing so distorted, scurrilous and irresponsible a letter without offering the Navy an opportunity to substantiate or deny."

Tokyo had a good point. The *Times-Herald* had made no attempt to check the

* Though some did walk in shoe-top water to board ships.



EDITOR MILLER

Recommended: an exception.

statements in the letter, given Bazy Miller by her old friend and fellow isolationist, Nevada's Senator George W. Malone, who had received it in the mail.

Neck-Deep in Snow. To drive home the point, the Navy's information boss, Rear Admiral Robert F. Hickey, went over to the *Times-Herald* office and handed a copy of Tokyo's repudiation to Executive Editor Frank Waldrop. After reading it, Waldrop replied: "If you had censorship, letters like that wouldn't be sent."

Editor Waldrop didn't have much of a point. In World War II, censors snipped out violations of security. But they sent along letters telling of just such incredible exploits, although they were often aware that they came from rear-echelon soldiers trying to impress the folks back home. The armed forces called such letters "snow jobs," (i.e., piling it on), and most newspapers checked such letters before printing them. In failing to do so, the *Times-Herald* got trapped in the snow.

"Who Is Fooling Whom?"

The Washington *Post* paused to consider a phenomenon that was causing more and more dismay among newsmen and their readers: the confusing and sometimes contradictory character of General MacArthur's official bulletins.

"Exactly what is happening in or about Korea," said the *Post* last week, "if impossible to report because of 1) the censorship in the field and the secrecy in Washington, and 2) the propaganda-like quality of the commentaries emanating from General MacArthur's headquarters." Asked the *Post*: "Who is fooling whom?"

What the *Post* was referring to was the persistent habit of MacArthur's communiqué writers in jazzing up their bulletins with bumptious prose. Some sam-

ple phrases from last week's communiqués: carrier-based planes made attacks that were "slashing" and "in close support of embattled ground troops"; they "swarmed over the entire breadth of Korea." The Navy's shelling was "pinpoint bombardment."

Alice in Wonderland. The *Post's* charges were duplicated in London's more flamboyant papers, always alert for a sensation. In a front-page article, the tabloid *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,500,000) flatly charged that "the world is not getting the truth" about the war. The reason, wrote *Mirror* Correspondent Davis Walker, a veteran World War II reporter, was due to the "dreadfully distorted" news coming from "Alice-in-Wonderland information handed out at high level."

"Air Force communiqués," wrote Walker, "have become a total farce... Hand-outs [state] that 314 enemy were killed. In another instance, it was ninety-nine. But a... ten-year-old boy... knows... no air force can possibly know exactly how many people it has killed."

The *Sunday Express'* Columnist Ephraim Hardcastle, like the *Mirror*, went after Air Force exaggerations. Hardcastle also charged that General MacArthur's intelligence chief, Major General Charles A. Willoughby, had done even more fantastic work with statistics. "If his communiqués are to be believed," wrote Hardcastle, Willoughby's intelligence system "is nothing short of miraculous... On Dec. 26 he... said the Communists had 444,406 troops actually in Korea, of which 277,173 were Chinese and 167,233 North Koreans. I have never seen a wartime report of enemy strength... meticulous to the nearest digit."

Optimism of the Air. There was a reasonable explanation, if not a justification, for the Air Force's bumbling number work. It had compiled the individual claims of "kills" by pilots and spotters, and issued them, in many cases without rounding off the numbers which would have made them more believable. The errors were compounded by the well-known fact that airmen, optimistic by nature, are prone to make all their reports on the rosy side.

Nevertheless, in Tokyo last week the Air Force stoutly stood by its claims. Brigadier General William Nuckols, chief P.I.O. of the Far East Air Forces, said he was well aware that World War II's experience had proved that the communiqué claims of kills almost always overshot the facts. But he said that the Air Force had been making allowance for that. Proudly, Nuckols pointed out that for the two previous days, the Air Force had claimed enemy casualties of only 884, while the ground forces, in observing the results of the strikes, had estimated the same casualties at 1,650.

In any case, the actual figures were less of a point of irritation than the overall tone describing vast destruction meted out to the enemy. Summed up one correspondent in Korea: "If you read only Air Force communiqués you would think Russia was bugging out of existence."

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MUSIC

Under New Management

(See Cover)

From the general air of benevolent conspiracy, just about everyone backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House knew that a surprise was in the making. Only a few—not including the Met's new General Manager Rudolf Bing—had been told the details. Last week, with a gala New Year's Eve audience settled in their seats for *Fledermaus*, the Met's bubbliest new production in years (TIME, Jan. 1), Mezzo Rise Stevens uncorked the surprise.

Waving a ludicrous 18-in. cigarette holder in her role of *Fledermaus'* bored, bemonocled Prince Orlofsky, Mezzo Stevens strutted center stage, put one foot on the prompter's box and wagged the holder at Box 23 of the Met's Diamond Horseshoe. Then, as Manager Bing winced in his box, she sang a switch on her song, *Chacun à Son Gout*:*

*The operas that must be your choice
If you like plays that sing
Are solely dependent on one voice
The voice of Rudolf Bing.*

*If he is in a Wagnerian mood
We're forced to strain a lung
And serve the ponderous musical food
Of Götterdämmerung...*

*Mister Bing is the king uncrowned here
Though he rarely is on view
And we do
Just what Bing
Tells us to.*

*The expression is never found here
Chacun à Son Gout;
There is only one gout around here
And you all know who.*

* Everyone to his own taste.

Oldtimers in the audience tried to remember when any general manager of the Met had won so jovial an accolade, finally gave up. After only nine weeks of his first season, Rudolf Bing looked like the best thing that had happened to the Met in many a day. Nobody expected Bing to take all the cracks out of the old place overnight, but he had already accomplished the near miracle of persuading his singers, his board of directors and his audiences that the Met was not doomed to creak forever along ways established back in the gaslight era.

The chief reason for the Met's enthusiasm for its new manager is his own crisp air of enthusiasm. After 27 years of the autocratic rule of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and 15 years of worries and wartime headaches under Edward Johnson, the old Metropolitan has suddenly become, as one tenor put it, "a happy house."

Cross Your Fingers. It was Edward Johnson himself who first brought Rudolf Bing forward 23 months ago as a likely successor. The Met's directors were impressed by Bing's prewar experience with Britain's Glyndebourne Opera Company and the success he had made of the postwar Edinburgh Festivals. Bing's first acts as manager nonetheless made the 37 directors nervously cross their august fingers.

Amidst loud cries of wounded pride and outrage, the new manager proceeded to drop 30 singers, including hitherto sacrosanct *Heldentenor* Lauritz Melchior, 60, whose wanderings from the score had been the bane of Met conductors for years. There were wild charges that Manager Bing, Vienna-born and German-trained, would try to force even more of the heavy dumping of Wagner down the throats of audiences that are notably par-

tial to lighter Italian and French fare. (Actually, Bing has little enthusiasm for Wagner.) When he signed famed Soprano Kirsten Flagstad to appear at the Met for the first time since she left it in 1941 to go to her husband in Nazi-occupied Norway, Walter Winchell and others set up a drumfire heard across the nation. Said Bing calmly: "Quality and quality alone is to be the test. If there is to be any shooting for this decision, let it be at me."

After the curtain went up on opening night, the firing diminished. Bing began with a brand-new production of Verdi's *Don Carlo*, rebuilt from scratch with brilliant new sets and costumes, and staged by bright Broadway Director Margaret Webster. He quickly followed that with an entirely new mounting of *The Flying Dutchman*, done almost equally well. To make a full season, Bing had to reach into the standard repertoire (and the warehouse) for operas he had had neither time nor money to rebuild, e.g., *Tristan, Faust, Trovatore, Traviata*. But except for *Traviata* and *Faust*, which most critics panned, even the old productions came through with some grace. Finally came the success of the brilliant new *Fledermaus*, restaged by Broadway's and Hollywood's Garson Kanin. Said one beaming and relaxed Met director last week: "We all have our fingers uncrossed now."

Rush the Ambulance. Rudolf Bing has not worked his cures by coddling the singers or anyone else. His policy from the first has been "firmness—sympathy but firmness." Says one singer: "Bing is the boss. He knows it and makes everyone else know it." But the Bing firmness is tempered with wit, and even touches of slapstick. One sample last fall: when he suspected that the "illness" of one of his tenors was chiefly laziness, he rushed two doctors and an ambulance to the tenor's door in burlesque solicitude. Says Bing in his caramel-soft Viennese-British accent: "He sang that night, and very well, too."

Bing has also persuaded his singers that the Met comes first. He generally insists that they be on hand for a minimum of ten weeks a season; nowadays, stars who used to drop in at the Met to sing four or five times a year, almost at their own convenience, have passed up concert and radio engagements at \$2,500 and up to work with Bing for a \$1,000 top. Manager Bing, who lived long enough in Britain (15 years) to acquire a taste for understatement, takes such accomplishments calmly. Asked what he regarded as his biggest single innovation at the Met thus far, he replied with a quick smile: "Tea at 4. Do have a cup."

"Except for Them..." Among the chief assets inherited by Rudolf Bing is the glamorous tradition. Still lurking in the shadows of the old gilt and plush house are the ghosts of the Met's hallowed past, when Sembrich, Lilli Lehmann, the De Reszkes, Melba, Caruso, Farrar and Chaliapin graced the stage, and Gustav Mahler and Arturo Toscanini ruled the pit.

Thanks to Edward Johnson, who brought



Keystone

MET REHEARSAL: BING & CONDUCTORS

"I am not a magician; there is just so much time and money."



FLAGSTAD IN "TRISTAN"
"Beer mugs in the champagne scene? Of course not."



TUCKER IN "FLEDERMAUS"



MUNSEL IN "FLEDERMAUS"

the best singers of both Europe and the U.S. to the Met, the new manager has the finest roster of singers in the world. If they are not the finest in history, that is less the fault of the Met than of history. Says 70-year-old Mrs. August Belmont, pillar of the Met's board: "Caruso and Chaliapin were the kind of singers who appear only once in a hundred years. Except for them, we have just as good singers today."

The Met can boast, as no other house in the world, that it can assemble two complete, topflight casts for almost any of its performances. No other house has interchangeable lyric tenors of the quality of Jussi Björling and Richard Tucker; baritones such as Leonard Warren and Robert Merrill; basses such as Jerome Hines and Cesare Siepi; and dramatic sopranos such as Helen Traubel and Kirsten Flagstad, not to mention the good looks and comic flair of a Patrice Munsel.

The liabilities Bing faces are nonetheless formidable. Probably the biggest of them are the Met's two warehouses and their contents: tons & tons of out-of-date scenery. Another is the unmanageable old house itself, with its grimy brick face staring stolidly out on Broadway. Designed in 1880 by a college (Yale, Williams) architect named J. Cleaveland Cady, who had never seen any of the world's great opera houses, nor so much as a single opera performance, the building is a nearly insuperable drawback. There is no backstage storage space for scenery; to haul a big opera in & out of the warehouse for one performance can cost the Met around \$3,000. Furthermore, the Met as now laid out contains 500 "blind" seats, i.e., those from which the customer can see less than two-thirds of the stage. It takes salesmanship—and devout love of operatic music—to keep such seats filled.

But though a committee is studying the advisability and cost of building a new house in the neighborhood of Rockefeller Center (estimated cost: \$20 million), no one around the Met can really bear the thought of giving up the beautiful old house with its rich tradition. One considerable advantage of the present spot: service by two subway lines, three bus lines. Even though glossy limousines are still lined up on subscription nights, Board

Chairman George A. Sloan says, "We're not really a carriage-trade house any more. Much of our audience today comes from Brooklyn and The Bronx. And that means the subways."

Money, Money, Money. The Met has always had to scramble for money. Tradition has it that the Met's first manager, Henry E. Abbey, went \$600,000 in the hole in his first season (1883). In his own day, the great Gatti complained: "What can one say of the largest and richest city in the world that finds so much difficulty in keeping open a single opera house for three or four months of the year? What a misery!" Gatti's miseries were painless compared to those of his successors: in the good old days of little or no income tax, Gatti had music-loving, multimillionaire Banker Otto Kahn around to ask the amount of the annual deficit and write a check to cover it. Says Rudolf Bing with some grimness: "The word art is seldom heard in this house. It is always money, money, money."

Opera lovers across the U.S. last week were hearing the word too. To pay off last season's deficit of \$430,000 and to insure new productions for next season, Board Chairman Sloan went on the radio in an intermission in the performance of *The Flying Dutchman* and broadcast a plea for \$750,000 from members of the Met's regular Saturday network audience of 14 million listeners. Sloan could be reasonably sure that the nation, which seems to regard the Met with about the same vaguely dutiful feelings as it does the Community Chest or March of Dimes, would respond as it has in the past.*

This time, tall, distinguished George Sloan was also talking to a special listener: Uncle Sam. Sloan made the obvious point that an exemption from the federal admissions tax would mean everything to the Metropolitan, while the sum involved is only a drop in the U.S. Treasury bucket. Last season's tax came to more than \$410,000. An exemption, based on the fact that the Metropolitan is a nonprofit institution, would have left the Met with what

* Most notable response: asked for \$1,000,000 in 1940 to help buy up the deed of the opera house, 166,000 opera lovers from coast to coast topped the amount by \$57,000.



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Bing calls a "manageable" deficit of about \$30,000.

Everything Proper. The man who now has the job of trying to keep the deficit manageable was born just 49 years ago this week, the fourth child of a well-to-do Viennese industrialist (steel). As a boy, he remembers, "we had a box at the opera, chamber music at home, everything that was right and proper for an upper bourgeois family."

He was "frightfully bad at school... I don't know why." He was also "very naughty," and even then had some of the easy wit that spreads smiles around the Met today. Once he managed to creep up to the teacher's desk, tie the teacher's leg to his chair. When the teacher got up to leave and dragged the chair with him, he demanded, fuming, the culprit's name. Young Rudi stood up and said, "Why, professor, you came in that way."

At 17, Rudi decided he did not want to go into the family business. He studied painting and singing. He says he was a baritone. The Met's grey and fatherly (67) Wagner Conductor Fritz Stiedry fondly remembers him instead as an ambitious young tenor who auditioned for him in 1919 by singing parts of the third act of *Lohengrin*. (Says Bing: "Never mind, don't spoil Stiedry's story if it is a good one.") At any rate, father Bing was almost ruined in World War I, and there was no money for singing lessons. Rudi went to work in a Vienna bookstore. That was the turning point in his career.

The owner of the bookstore, who added a concert bureau on the side, soon transferred the artistically inclined Rudi to that branch of his business. Bing found he "loved selling," could sometimes let his enterprising imagination run wild. Once he billed a faltering troupe of dancers as "Dancers of Vice, Horror and Ecstasy," had to give extra performances to accommodate the crowds. Among the agency's clients were Soprano Lotte Lehmann, Conductor Fritz Busch, a young violinist named Eugene Ormandy, and a troupe of Russian dancers which included Nina Schelemskaya-Schelesnaya, who later shortened her name to Mrs. Rudolf Bing.

"Take Me." Invited to join a bigger agency, Bing went to Berlin on his 25th birthday. There he had to supply artists for some 80 German opera houses—"75 of which were terrible."

He had worked in Berlin for two years when the man who was to give his career its most important and lasting twist walked in the agency door. Famed (in Germany) Actor-Director Carl Ebert* (TIME, Sept. 4) had just been appointed artistic director of the Darmstadt State Theater. Among other things, he wanted a bright young man for his assistant. Rudi Bing told him brightly: "I know an excellent man. Take me."

Under Ebert, Bing got most of the experience that makes him a valuable boss for the Met today—the tedious and complicated work of engaging artists,

* No kin to Republican Germany's Socialist President Friedrich Ebert (1919-1925).



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Ed Carswell—Graphic House
MET DIRECTORS BELMONT, LUCREZIA BORI, SLOAN & ANTHONY BLISS
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scheduling rehearsals, programming, and overseeing ticket sales. He also met two of the men who are now his right and left hands at the Met: Artistic Administrator Max Rudolf, 48, and General Assistant John Gutman, 48, who in the old days used to drop into the Darmstadt theater as music critic for the *Berlin Börsen-Courier*. Rudolf, then a conductor, recalls Bing and wife Nina as "a handsome couple." Bing himself as "a man I liked to talk to." Says another German critic who knew him well at Darmstadt: "He was clearly destined to have a great future."

To a Turn. Bing's future turned dark before it brightened much. After two years in Darmstadt, he went back to Berlin as artistic administrator of the Municipal Theater. Ebert arrived the next year. The following year, 1933, all hands were summarily dismissed by the Nazis. Bing went home to Vienna, then to a tiny theater near Prague, where he helped produce "absurd" things, such as *Figaro* in modern dress.

Back in Vienna, he got word from Carl Ebert in England to round up singers for a wealthy British landowner and music lover named John Christie, who wanted to start a Mozart festival at his Sussex estate, Glyndebourne. Bing did, later dropped around to see how the singers were doing. He fell in love with England, and with green Glyndebourne in particular.

In John Christie, Bing found the incarnation of an opera producer's dream—an "art patron who pays, but does not interfere. Not that he simply bought and paid for productions. It was really the Christies who gave the whole thing its tone, and gathered together the people who could

appreciate it." In Glyndebourne's six-week season, usually only one or two operas were given in the little 600-seat theater, and Ebert demanded (and Christie paid for) enough rehearsal time to insure that the operas were done to a turn.

The Right Man. John Christie took a liking to the likable, competent Viennese, hired him to work under Ebert and Busch. He found Bing useful to have around. Among other things, Bing thought up some ideas for persuading music lovers to travel 60 miles from London into the Sussex countryside to enjoy Mozart. One of them—gift vouchers at Christmases which could be exchanged for Glyndebourne seats—is still in use. Says John Christie, who is proud of having a former assistant running the Met: "He's the right man; he can do the job."

Rudi Bing now thinks of his five years at Glyndebourne as the best of his life. The idyl was shattered by World War II. Glyndebourne shut up shop; Bing went to work in a London department store (Peter Jones in Sloane Square) as a coupon clerk, eventually worked his way up to manager. Technically, he was an enemy alien; he had applied for British citizenship in 1939, but the war had prevented his papers from going through. He was never interned. Moreover, he was able to bring his aging parents from Austria to England.

At war's end, Bing gave up storekeeping for good. He saw that Glyndebourne could not reopen on its old affluent basis: taxes had reduced Christie's purse, and austerity made the whole idea out of the question. Bing hit on a solution: if Glyndebourne could no longer afford large productions, it could afford small ones. Young British

Composer Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* (TIME, June 9, 1947), which requires next to no scenery, only a handful of singers and an orchestra of twelve, reopened Glyndebourne in 1946.

Then came Edinburgh, originally thought up by Bing to create a market for the Glyndebourne company, which was to be the main attraction. One of the most remarkable examples of Bing's tact, competence and persuasiveness is that he managed to persuade the Scots to have an Edinburgh Festival at all. He did it, not by promising it would make money, but, says his onetime assistant and successor at Edinburgh, Scotsman Ian Hunter, by infusing "a terrific sense of idealism about the venture." At any rate, as the 150,000 music lovers who visited Edinburgh last year proved, he created one of the most remarkable musical and dramatic festivals of all time.

Fans for *Fledermaus*. Now, running the world's No. 1 opera house, Rudi Bing is in his plain, southwest-corner office on the ground floor every morning by 10. He walks to work down Seventh Avenue from his apartment in fashionable Essex House, on the edge of Central Park. He travels home for dinner by subway, returns to the Met and seldom gets home again before midnight. The strain of twelve-hour days has already made Bing look a little more drawn and grey than when he took over last summer.

To him, each day seems almost a continuous round of shelling out money. "Someone comes in and wants 30 fans for *Fledermaus*. How much do they cost? \$1.50 apiece. All right. In two hours he wants sequins to put on the fans . . . Can we use beer mugs in the champagne scene? Of course not. Those little things add up to a total effect. Before I know it, I've spent \$750 or something like that." There is always the question of whether or not to allow rehearsals to run into overtime, which can within minutes run into three figures. To find out if rehearsals are going



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1951—FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR

BRITISH RAILWAYS



on, Bing, as a somewhat awed singer put it, "is every place, checking up all of the time." If by chance they are not, some hapless assistant is almost certain to hear a cold voice inquiring: "There was no rehearsal of *Trovatore* at 3? Why?" The answer had better make sense.

Bananas for Tea. He looks in on almost every performance—a habit he got from Ebert. He usually takes notes, sometimes races backstage to correct some defect he finds intolerable. He has a direct phone from his box to backstage, but says, with a grin, that he thinks someone has disconnected it: "No one ever answers." Some part of the night he usually finds time to do some planning with his staff: Gutman, Rudolf, the business office's Reginald Allen, the box office's Francis Robinson, production's Horace Armistead and Publicity Director Margaret Carson.

Fifteen minutes during the day Bing usually reserves for himself. Along about 4, his secretary brings in tea; he pulls out a sandwich and a banana from his desk drawer and munches and sips.

Sundays, when no operas are scheduled, Bing stays in bed most of the day, gets up only to run with his dachshund Pip in Central Park, and to write to his mother, who has now moved back to Austria. Nina Bing usually goes to several operas each week with her husband. Otherwise, the Bings rarely take time to go out together in the evening.

The Word Refurbish. Despite his dislike of the big claim, Rudolf Bing takes due pride in the Met season thus far. There have been criticisms and complaints, and Bing himself has made some of his own. His credo is that "after the curtain goes up, there can be no apologies. The performance must stand on its own as it is." To make his performances stand more sturdily on their own, he scheduled fewer operas (21 this season v. 24 last), more rehearsals. Even so, he still had to "sit and see these awful things [in *Traviata* and other old productions], but what can I do? I am not a magician—there is just so much time and money."

He has "given up hope of trying to redo old productions without starting at the beginning. People ask why I don't restage *Carmen*, say, even if I have to use the old sets. How can I ask a new stage director to take over a job when the floor plan is already laid for him; when, if in his mind he sees people coming in through a door, they must come in through a window because the old sets have a window where he wants a door? Altogether, the word refurbish makes me a little sick."

Why Not Gamble? Some advanced-guard music lovers have complained that instead of spending money on works such as *Don Carlo* and *The Flying Dutchman*, which were never highly profitable, Bing should have gambled the same money on a more contemporary work, such as Alban Berg's formidable atonal opera, *Wozzeck*. Bing's answer to that is that he would like to do *Wozzeck*, but he cannot afford right now to overlook the fate of another contemporary opera, Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes*, which was withdrawn after

two seasons, so offended one opera lover that he spat in the box-office window. (Says John Gutman: "Whenever I mention *Wozzeck*, Bing threatens to put me in the box office.") The Met still faces the problem of having to run a new production (cost: between \$50,000 and \$70,000) for at least five seasons to get its investment back.

Hamstrung as he is by lack of money, Rudi Bing thinks that the most he can do is "to try to build up the stock repertory in a contemporary way." Says he: "I think we must do away with 40-year-old productions even if they were great in their day." He believes that "new productions must not be thought of as a luxury that one may indulge in if one happens



The Bettmann Archive
CARUSO (IN "AIDA")

Once in a hundred years.

to strike a gold mine. New productions are as important to have as singers and an orchestra. I may want eight and get only four, but I cannot have none." He has convinced the board that he is right; they have already tentatively approved four (most likely popular favorites) for next season.

To Rudi Bing, the paradox of the old Met is the fact that, despite the old sets and old costumes, stand-bys such as *Traviata* and *Trovatore* "still sell out the house." His task, he thinks, is "to get the public to demand new and better productions." He has to admit, from box-office records, that so far "the public just does not care." But, says Rudi Bing, with the look of a man setting out to do something about it: "I do care."

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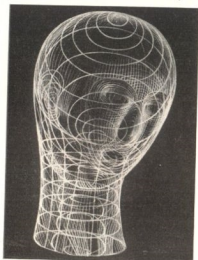
Headscales

Pavel Tchelitchev (pronounced Chell-ee-sheff) has painted some strange and wonderful things in his 52 years. Most famous among them have been his bloody, surrealist congress of freaks called *Phenomena* and *Hide-and-Seek*—a vast, autumnal tree with embryos and sick-looking children half hidden among its leaves (TIME, Nov. 9, 1942). Last week Tchelitchev jolted Manhattan's 57th Street once more with an exhibition of 50-odd transparent heads.

Some of them were the sort he has been working on for years: textbook-like studies of nerves, bones and blood vessels. Others, more recent, turned heads into wire latticework. Done in colored pencil on dark paper, they achieved effects of transparency, roundness and motion, in neat, linear arabesques. To Tchelitchev, they were not just plays in a clever game, but "work, work, work!"

The stoop-shouldered, cosmopolitan Muscovite, who left Russia in 1920, easily explained how & why he had produced the drawings. "As a youth, taking Leonardo for my model," he began, "I went dutifully to the anatomy theater in Moscow. Later I was found in a dead faint on the pavement outside . . . But Mrs. Nature, you can't fool with her. She's a tenacious woman . . . Twenty years later I discovered that a marvelous transparent vessel the human being is—like a crystal jungle. From that time on, I was trapped in interior landscape." He went back and studied anatomy. "Then I came to what I'm doing now . . . I want these heads to be as brilliant as neon lights, to be in the air, between you and the black background, like the handwriting at Belshazzar's feast . . . But these heads are shoots only. What the flower is going to be I'm as much surprised as you."

Reviewing Tchelitchev's new show, one



Durlacher Brothers

TCHELITCHEV LATTICEWORK

From shoots, flowers . . .



MORRIS' "THE DOCTORS"

From doodles, messages.

critic brashly suggested that the artist had begun painting transparent heads because of a nervous breakdown, and congratulated him for having learned "to look at nerves, not as a patient, but as an artist." Nonsense, says Tchelitchev. "My nerves are very strong, though I don't know why, for I was treated all my life rather badly, by critics especially. My *crise de nerfs* were microscopical tropical leeches that were exactly eating me to pieces!"

Pieces of Men

Jim Morris has long been a familiar figure in Santa Fe, N.Mex. A chunky, mild-mannered, roughly dressed man, he looks older than his 48 years, talks in the hurt, hesitant fashion of Victor Moore. Townspeople had heard, vaguely, that he was a painter. Some wondered how he got along, and what made him so sad.

Last week a Santa Fe gallery put 20 Morris canvases on show. He was indeed a painter, and an able one. Out-of-the-way though it was, the exhibition might well mark the beginning of national recognition for Jim Morris.

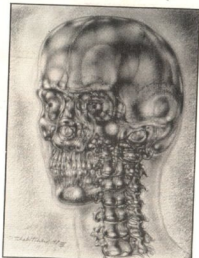
Painter Morris delights the eye with rich splashes of hot & cold color that shine with the clean light of the Southwest. He tickles the fancy with such wryly original subject matter as *Three Ghosts Beating a Ghost*. He draws in a free-wheeling, somewhat wobbly cartoon style, but his figures are unerringly placed upon the canvas; they go together so naturally as to seem more concerned with themselves and each other than with being in somebody's picture. More important, his balloon-headed people and quaking landscapes convey a good deal of Morris' dominating idea: the insecurity and aloneness of man.

Some gallerygoers refused to believe that the paintings conveyed anything at all. Morris' paintings do look like those of a child who knows too much and is unhappy about it, and they do develop

from the childish process of doodling.

Morris doodles profusely, then puts each doodle out of sight to cool for weeks or months. Now & then he thumbs through them, picks one as the basis for a painting. His problem is to keep the childish freedom and directness of the first sketch while enriching it with color and emphasizing what it means to him. *The Doctors* carries a typical message: each of the three doctors is alone, they cannot agree on what is wrong with the patient, the patient is also alone and without hope.

"We live," Morris glumly insists, "in a Donald Duck civilization . . . The trouble with modern man—and I definitely include myself—is that he is in pieces and some of the pieces are missing. He must make himself whole again to find out what his true relationships should be with other men and with the world. Perhaps that's really what I'm trying to say."



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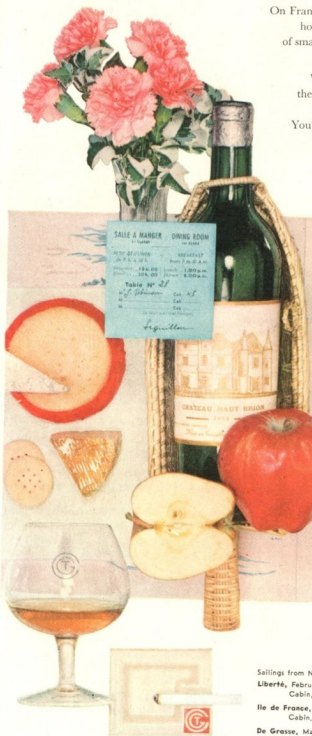
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Spotters Needed

In spite of radar, U.S. air defense still needs volunteer "spotters" like those who watched the skies from rooftops and lonely hills during World War II. Last week the Air Force estimated that an all-out war would call for 500,000 spotters to plug the unavoidable gaps in the U.S. radar network.

The trouble with radar is that it is subject to blind spots. Its waves go out in straight lines, like television waves; they cannot duck down behind buildings, hills or other obstacles, and they cannot follow the curvature of the earth (see diagram). So a radar station works best against high-flying airplanes. It can pick them up as far away as 150 miles, but if attacking bombers fly low, they can keep behind the

The Mature Machine

A favorite dream project of mathematical thinkers is a chess-playing machine. None has been built that will play a full game without human help, but the development of monster electronic computers offers hope that they can be "programmed" (instructed) to match the best moves of a skillful human chess player.

The leading authority on the subject, Dr. Claude E. Shannon of Bell Telephone Laboratories, believes that a computer can play—theoretically—a perfect (unbeatable) game of chess. But on the practical side, no existing or projected computer is fast enough to make the calculations. In planning a typical 40-move game, he figures, the machine would have to make 10^{120} (10 followed by 119 zeros)



Time Diagram by V. Puglisi

bulge of the earth and get much closer before they are detected. With mountains or other obstacles to give them shelter, they are even harder to detect in time for effective warning.

It would be possible, of course, to space radar so close together that virtually all blind spots would be eliminated. But radar stations are complicated, expensive, and need up to 100 men each. To cover the U.S. with a gapless blanket of radar would cost more in money, electronics and men than the protection would be worth.

Spotters can neither see nor hear bombers at extreme altitudes, which is radar's job. The spotters will specialize on attackers trying to slip, perhaps at treetop level, through gaps between the radar stations. Such attacks, says the Air Force's Air Defense Command, are a very real danger. Once a group of bombers passes the radars that watch the coasts and northern border of the U.S., it might "get loose" in the interior. Unless it should blunder into the field of a radar, the defending jet fighters would not know where to look for it.

Volunteer spotters could do a great deal to forestall such an attack. Their telephone reports, plotted on boards at "filter stations," would show with little delay where the invaders were heading.

Low-flying bombers are easy prey for fighters that can find them. If an enemy knows that an efficient spotting system is in operation, he is more likely to keep his bombers at extreme altitudes, where they can be tracked by radar.

calculations. Even at the lightning speed of electronic computers, the job would take 10^{100} years before the machine could make the first move.

It would be easier, says Shannon, to make a machine play a fair game of chess, seeing three moves ahead and avoiding obvious bad strategy. Such a machine would play rapidly and would have no mental lapses. It would never get lazy or nervous. On the other hand, it would lack flexibility, imagination and the valuable human ability to learn by experience. It would never beat a good player.

In a recent issue of Britain's *Nature*, Dr. J. Bronowski of the Central Research Establishment of the National Coal Board takes issue with Dr. Shannon. A chess-playing computer, he says, could be made to learn by experience just as a human being does. It could be given a memory of unlimited capacity. It could remember each move in all the games it had played. By classifying moves, it could determine which were most successful in each chess situation. It could even classify its opponents by the character of their moves. Eventually, says Bronowski, when the computer's memory finally bulged with remembered chess games, it could become a master player with a personal style of its own.

What would happen if two experienced chess machines played one another? The more experienced machine, thinks Bronowski, would always win. "In human life," he says, "maturity is always offset

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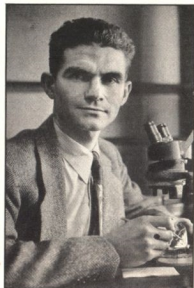
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by loss of other powers. The machine, on the other hand, will become more and more experienced but will never lose any other faculties. That is the real difference between the human being and the machine in these circumstances. The machine can mature without growing old, getting better and better. So in this case, the most mature machine will always win, provided, of course, there is no mechanical failure. All good machines are likely to have nervous breakdowns."

Secrets of Growth

The annual \$1,000 prize of the American Association for the Advancement of Science went this year to Zoology Professor Carrol Milton Williams of Harvard. His research* on the hormone system that makes the native silkworm (*Cecropia*) turn into a moth had nothing to



Yale Joel-Life

ZOOLOGIST WILLIAMS
A worm led to bigger game.

do with silk production; it was aimed at the central secrets of growth and life.

Silkworms are fine subjects for the study of growth. Like most insects, they metamorphose, reorganizing nearly all of their body substance into new members and organs. Scattered through the mushy tissues of the big green caterpillars are small groups of cells (imaginal discs) that lie quiescent while the caterpillar is growing.

Wakening Discs. When the caterpillar is full-sized, its tissues dissolve to form a yolkly fluid. The imaginal discs wake up suddenly. Nourished by the fluid, they burst into furious growth, constructing within the larva's old skin an entirely new insect: the hibernating pupa. Later, a similar burst of growth turns the pupa into the adult moth.

* With Assistants William Van der Kloot, Howard A. Schneidermann, Ned Feder, Dr. Richard C. Sanborn, Dr. Janet V. Passonneau and William H. Telfer.



Wins best of breed award at Cape Cod Dog Show!

Labrador Retriever Hobbimoor's Merganser looks his best for handler Charles Crane after winning his seventh best of breed award at the Cape Cod Kennel Club Show. Says Crane, "When a dog's chances of looking his best can be ruined by an improper diet, I see little sense in trying to save a penny or two on the dog food you buy. There's too much to risk and too little to gain. I know that you really get your money's worth with Dash—the Armour dog food. That's why I recommend Dash. It's fortified with liver, the richest of all meats. And Dash is complete—nothing else is needed!" Get Dash for your dog today!

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Working with radioactive tracers and delicate chemical tests, Dr. Williams and colleagues followed the progress of this two-stage wave of growth. It starts, they found, in a tiny group of 22 cells in the insect's brain. These generate a hormone that acts upon glands in the body, making them produce another hormone. This in turn causes certain cells to produce three enzymes (organic catalysts) that start the rapid growth of metamorphosis.

Sleeping Pupa. The three "cytochrome" enzymes are basic growth factors. Present in human beings as well as in silkworms, they control the utilization of oxygen in the tissues. Without them growth is impossible. The dormant *Cecropia* pupa contains no cytochrome enzymes. Therefore it cannot grow until they are provided by the chain of hormones that starts in its brain.

Silkworms are a long way from human problems, but Dr. Williams' work was largely supported by cancer research funds, because a cure for cancer may depend upon a better understanding of growth. Cancer cells grow lawlessly, defying the hormone controls that limit the growth of ordinary cells. By working out in detail the hormone system that governs the silkworm's metamorphosis, Dr. Williams has helped explain both lawful and lawless growth within the human body.

Legs to Order

Another Harvard man, Dr. Marcus Singer, professor of neuro-anatomy at the Harvard Medical School, approached the growth problem from another angle; the nerves of amphibians. Newts and salamanders can grow new legs and tails with the greatest of ease. Tadpoles can do the trick too. But when they grow up to be frogs, their more complex bodies can no longer regenerate new members.

About six years ago, Dr. Singer was making experiments on the nervous systems of newts. His chief interest was the nerves themselves, but in the course of the experiments he found out that if he damaged the nerves in the stump of an amputee newt, the newt failed to grow a new limb. Dr. Singer concluded that a hitherto neglected function of the nerves, the promotion and control of growth, was responsible. He decided to experiment further.

Last week in Cleveland he reported startling results. On the theory that insufficient nerve power prevented the adult frog from growing new legs, Dr. Singer had cut the big sciatic nerves out of the hind legs of 21 amputee frogs, folded them back under the skin, and connected them to the stumps of the frogs' amputated front legs. In 20 of the frogs a new foreleg began to grow within three weeks. They were not very good legs. Nevertheless, they were legs.

"One can become wild with speculation as to the significance of this discovery," said Dr. Singer, "but no speculation is yet justified. This work may remain in the realm of abstract reason for many years [but] it does emphasize a function of the nerves that was not as well known as it should be."

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W&D 3269

TIME, JANUARY 15, 1951

BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Up & Up

The bull market kicked up its heels last week, and reached a new high. In 1951's first week of trading, volume topped 3,000,000 shares for four straight days, one of the biggest weeks since the baby bull was born in 1948. With such old reliables as steels and motors leading the way, the Dow-Jones industrial average leaped 4.51 points in a single day, hit 240.68 at week's end, more than five points above the previous peak in November. Much of the surging demand for stocks came from pension funds, investment trusts and other big investors. But even little investors felt that with more inflation ahead, it was better to have their assets in stocks, which were going up, than in dollars, which were depreciating.

Outside the market, the news was not all bullish. In November, reported the Federal Reserve Board, credit controls had caused installment credit to drop \$74 million to \$13.3 billion, the first drop in that pre-Christmas month since 1943. Nevertheless, overall credit (e.g., loans, charge accounts) kept on rising, reached a new high of \$19.4 billion.

As materials shortages hit harder, new layoffs swept through industry. Most of the big refrigerator makers cut back production (up to 15%), and Avco Manufacturing Corp.'s Crosley Division (radio, TV and refrigerators) laid off 1,000 employees. Chrysler Corp. made the biggest cutback of any company to date. It announced that it was laying off 25,000 men and slicing January production by 20%.

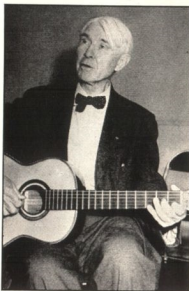
Though most of the other automakers had already made some cutbacks and planned some more, they were still optimistic about production in the first half. Despite the layoffs, said *Ward's Automotive Reports*, output should be no more than 5% below last year's first-half production of 3,100,000, when Chrysler's plants were closed by a strike. Said General Motors Corp.'s President Charles E. Wilson: "Defense orders so far placed 'will not absorb 5% of the manpower in the [auto] industry during the next six months, nor as much as 2% on the average of the materials used by the industry.'"

PRICES

Boom-ta-ra

Oh, we'll roll back the prices, we'll save a barrel of mon.
We'll lick the crisis, inflation's on the run.
Boom-ta-ra-ta-ra-ra, ye housewives, don't you sigh!
For we'll roll back the prices—in a pig's left eye!

To a radio audience last week, Poet Carl Sandburg strummed this sardonic ditty on his "gittar." The song was written by some wags in the Office of Price Adminis-



CARL SANDBURG
The cacophony was earsplitting.

tration during World War II, said Sandburg, and he thought that it was mighty timely now.

Sandburg was right on key, but last week the cacophony in Washington on price freezes and rollbacks was earsplitting. Most out of tune were Economic Stabilizer Alan Valentine and Price Boss Michael V. DiSalle, who could not agree on 1) what to do about prices, or 2) how to do it after they did decide what to do.

From the time he went to Washington in December, Price Boss DiSalle had waited to get authority from Valentine to act

on prices. Without it, DiSalle was price boss in name only. After badgering Valentine for authority, DiSalle took his case to Mobilization Boss Charles E. Wilson. Valentine then gave in, to the extent of issuing a vague statement that DiSalle's authority was "subject to such general supervision, direction and control as the Administrator deems expedient." Though no one knew just what that meant, DiSalle assumed it gave him the power he needed. He decided to replace the "voluntary" price standards imposed three weeks ago (*TIME*, Jan. 1) with a mandatory freeze of all prices. Under the law, that would result in a wage freeze, too.

DiSalle drew up a plan to require all businessmen to notify him before making any new price boosts. If DiSalle did not turn down the boost in 30 days, then it could go through. DiSalle still had no way to get around the law banning controls on most food prices as long as they were below parity. He could slap ceilings on processors and retailers. But under the law, if processors and retailers had to pay more for farm products selling below parity, they would still be free to raise their prices. (Even Harry Truman, who said last week that across-the-board controls were in the cards, finally admitted that food prices could not be controlled satisfactorily without a change in the law.) Meanwhile, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that food prices as of Dec. 15 had jumped 3.2% in a month, to within a hair's breadth of 1948's alltime high; by last week the index was probably at a new peak.

All the same, DiSalle went right ahead with his price control plan—even to the extent of asking the Government Printing Office to prepare application blanks for price rises, and asking the Post Office Department to distribute them in post offices throughout the nation. Then DiSalle's plan hit a snag.

Stabilizer Valentine, whose zeal for mandatory controls had caused him to freeze auto prices over DiSalle's objections, now objected to DiSalle's plan. He said it would be impossible to enforce, with ESA's small staff. DiSalle and Valentine passed the argument to Charlie Wilson for a ruling. Sighed DiSalle: "I've been working so hard I don't know if I have any manhood left."

FOREIGN TRADE

Half & Half

In the garden of his modern home two miles outside Jeddah, Saudi Arabia's shrewd old (60) Finance Minister Abdullah El Suleiman sat down to wait for a visitor. For greater comfort in the muggy 80° heat, he slipped off his sandals. When a U.S. car rolled up, barefooted Abdullah arose, greeted Arabian American Oil Co.'s Executive Vice President Fred A. Davies and ushered him inside.

There, over small earthenware cups of



Mohammed Yussel—Aahbar El Yam
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tea and thick coffee, they scratched their signatures to a historic document. When the news of its contents came out last week, it delighted other oil-rich Middle Eastern nations, but it dismayed Great Britain. Davies,* in revising Aramco's 17-year-old agreement with Saudi Arabia's King Ibn Saud, had given him the most generous deal ever made in all the turbulent history of Middle Eastern oil.

In effect, Aramco made old Ibn Saud an equal partner, who would share & share alike in all of Aramco's profits, including 1950's whopping net (before royalties) of \$180 million. For Ibn Saud and Saudi Arabia, it meant a kingly take of \$90 million, 50% more than the \$60 million that would have been paid under the old royalty payments of 34¢ a barrel. If, as expected, Aramco rings up an operating profit



OILMAN DAVIES
And some soft currency.

of \$200 million in 1951, Ibn Saud will get half of that.

What dismayed the British was that they had been closely bargaining for months with the Iranian government to accept much lower royalties from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. (TIME, Jan. 8). The British government, which controls Anglo-Iranian, feared that the Iranians, who now get considerably less than half of Anglo-Iranian's profits, would never settle for less than a 50-50 split. In addition, Anglo-Iranian and the five other owners of the Iraq Petroleum Co. had just about completed long negotiations with Iraq on a new contract. Now that deal, too, seemed certain to blow sky-high.

"Take a Law." Actually, Aramco had had little choice in its deal. Ibn Saud, faced with heavy drains on his exchequer to keep up his luxurious standard of living and pay for public works, had been

* No kin to American Independent Oil Co.'s President Ralph Davies, now drilling for oil in adjoining Kuwait.

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Will those answers always be right? Of course not. (Again, if they were, we'd all be millionaires.) But over the years our Research Department has rolled up a record we don't have to apologize for.

Sometimes Research tells people they *shouldn't* buy stocks. Why? Because we've always maintained that people should first have enough savings and enough insurance to meet life's emergencies. Then and only then should they properly consider investing their extra money in stocks.

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demanding more money for two years. Abdullah Suleiman had imported a U.S. tax expert, John Greaney, to help him get it. In November Ibn Saud, who passes his own laws, suddenly promulgated an income-tax decree which would take half of Aramco's profits now and possibly a bigger slice later.

For two months Aramco's Davies and his lawyers argued with Abdullah, protesting that the decree violated their 1933 agreement. Unimpressed, Abdullah said that even rich nations like the U.S. find that they have to boost their taxes now & then. Furthermore, he said, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), one of Aramco's owners, had made a 50-50 split five years ago with Venezuela.

Davies then offered the flat 50-50 split in return for two important concessions: Abdullah promised in the written contract that the arrangement would be his top demand; he also agreed that Aramco, instead of paying entirely in U.S. dollars and sterling as before, could pay Saudi Arabia in the currencies it takes in from sales. With this assurance, Davies believed that Aramco could do more business in Italy, France and other soft-currency markets (95% of Aramco's market is outside the U.S.).

Take a Lesson. Aramco was reasonably happy with the deal. After investing \$400 million in Saudi Arabia, it had boosted production 46-fold in a decade, to a rate of 650,000 barrels daily (equal to 11% of all U.S. domestic production). With the prospect of an expanding market, and with its development work largely completed, Aramco recognized that Saudi Arabia was entitled to a bigger share than it had gotten during the years of exploration work.

Moreover, Aramco preferred to make a generous deal now—and win the prospect of a long period of good feeling—rather than to haggle and build up resentment.

It had not forgotten that accumulated resentment caused Mexico to expropriate U.S. oil companies in 1938. It also knew that Jersey Standard's generous 1945 settlement with Venezuela had built immense good will. Ibn Saud also was shrewd enough to learn his own lesson from the Mexican affair: Mexico's oil production plummeted after it drove the U.S. companies out. And Ibn Saud, with no one else to turn to but Britain, which he dislikes, and Russia, which he fears, wanted to keep Aramco happy, too.

AMUSEMENTS Goodbye, Bandits

The \$11 million-a-year slot-machine-manufacturing business was wiped out with one stroke of a pen last week. President Truman signed a bill banning the one-armed bandits from federal property and prohibiting their shipment in interstate commerce. As soon as the new law went into effect, the military began a roundup of machines in Army and Navy officers' clubs around the U.S. On the West Coast the Army dumped 300 machines into San Francisco Bay (*see cut*).

Although slot machines are already prohibited in every state except Nevada, Montana and Maryland (where they are legal in only four counties), illegal machines have been operating all over the U.S. They were all made by Chicago's Mills Industries Inc., O. D. Jennings & Co., and eight smaller Chicago companies, who also turned out jukeboxes and other coin machines. With slot-machine production stopped, the companies hoped to take up the slack with war contracts and legal vending machines. But none of them expect all the slot machines to disappear from clubs and roadhouses overnight. They last a long time, and some clubs, anticipating the law, bought enough to last ten years.

TOBACCO

Light Up

In the highly competitive cigarette industry, there were some significant changes in the standing of the leaders. While domestic consumption in 1950 rose to a record total of 361.3 billion cigarettes, not all companies shared in the increase. Last week *Printers' Ink* reported the new box score:

First, Camel (R. J. Reynolds), up .5% to 98.5 billion.

Second, Lucky Strike (American Tobacco) down 9.7% to 82.5 billion.

Third, Chesterfield (Liggett & Myers), down 2.2% to 66 billion.

Fourth, Philip Morris (Philip Morris), up 19.5% to 40.4 billion.

Fifth, Pall Mall, put out by a subsidiary of American Tobacco. Pall Mall made the most spectacular gain, boosting sales 38.2% to 23.5 billion cigarettes, thereby pushing Old Gold (P. Lorillard) out of fifth place.

SHOW BUSINESS

Third Round

In its long fight to divorce moviemaking from exhibiting, the Justice Department won the third round of its bout with Hollywood's Big Five (*TIME*, May 17, 1948, *et seq.*). Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., following the lead of Paramount and RKO, last week agreed to split into two new companies. One will produce and distribute films, the other will show them. Under the consent decree, the three Warner brothers, Harry, Albert and Jack, and other members of the family will be permitted to hold stock in only one of the companies. To increase competition in certain cities, Warner also agreed that the new theater company would sell from 54 to 81 of the houses in its chain of 436 theaters. The agreement left 20th Century-Fox and Loew's M-G-M still to be split up by the trustbusters.

STEEL

Busting Out All Over

National Steel Corp., fifth biggest U.S. producer, last week announced plans for a big plant on the Delaware River near Camden, N.J. to add 1,000,000 tons, or 22%, to its capacity. When the new plant and other expansion plans are completed, said National's Board Chairman Ernest T. Weir, the company will turn out 6,500,000 tons of steel a year. For the Camden mill, ore will be brought up the Delaware from the new Quebec-Labrador fields (*TIME*, Oct. 18, 1948) National is helping to develop.

Weir's new plant will be only 35 miles downriver from the new 1,800,000-ton capacity Fairless Works which U.S. Steel will build. The steelmen were taking advantage of quick, five-year write-offs of the new plants under the Defense Production Act, thus using cash that would otherwise be paid in taxes. By week's end, the National Security Resources Board had granted such write-offs on \$1,200,000,000

Worn to a Shadow!

Mr. Rtlz (shown above in informal pose) is only a shade of his former self. His business—like businesses everywhere—is more-than-usual these days. And so is red tape and record-keeping! If YOU have more figure work than you figured on, the following services may help ease the strain.

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NAME

POSITION

(Please attach to, or write on,
 your business letterhead)

in new steel plants. The steel industry, which only a few months ago had set its sights on a total capacity of 109,963,000 tons by 1952's end, had now boosted that goal to 115 million tons.

AVIATION

Out of Mothballs

Two of the biggest Government-owned aircraft plants were still being used mainly as warehouses until last week. Then Washington decided to put them to better use.

Lockheed Aircraft Corp. was asked by the Air Force to put the 2,000-ft.-long, 115-acre plant in Marietta, Ga. in shape for production. Where Bell Aircraft made B-29s during the war, Lockheed will start modifying B-29s. When Air Force procurement moves into high gear, Lockheed expects to start producing Boeing's six-jet B-47s as well as its own planes. To boss the new operation, Lockheed picked square-jawed James V. Carmichael, former Bell manager and onetime candidate for governor of Georgia.

Douglas Aircraft Co. began cleaning out the $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile-long, 62-acre factory in Tulsa, Okla., in which it made B-24s and A-26s during World War II. Douglas hopes to be at work within six months turning out B-47s.

Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. last week test-flew its new two-motored turbo-prop transport plane, first in the U.S. The plane, powered by Allison engines geared to propellers, is a modification of Convair's 240, a 40-passenger ship used on commercial lines. Consolidated expects its new plane to be as fast and more efficient than jet transports for short- and medium-range hops.

RETAIL TRADE

Short-Haired Merchant

After Los Angeles' huge Bullock's Inc. department store took over I. Magnin & Co. six years ago, oldtime customers complained that the elegance of the Magnin stores had become tarnished. In the seven-store chain, which for years had been the leader of the West Coast fashion trade, service slipped and customers got the feeling that nobody cared whether they bought anything or not.

Last week, as Grover Magnin, the last of the Magnin family, stepped out at the mandatory retirement age of 65, a new man stepped in to shine things up. Into the \$45,000-plus presidency of the 74-year-old company went swarthy, handsome Hector Escobosa, art connoisseur, amateur painter, and, at 43, one of the top U.S. retailers.

Arizona-born Hector Escobosa drew his first bead on the business world as a schoolboy window dresser (at no pay) for San Francisco's cavernous Emporium. While attending the University of California nights, he moved on to sales promotion and dress buying at Hale Brothers, and after a stint as vice president and manager of Kansas City's big-volume Jones department store, became boss of

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